



MAY-JUNE
NO. 27
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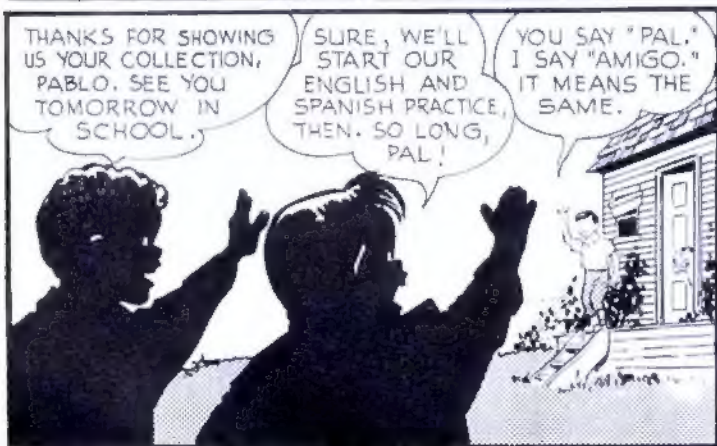
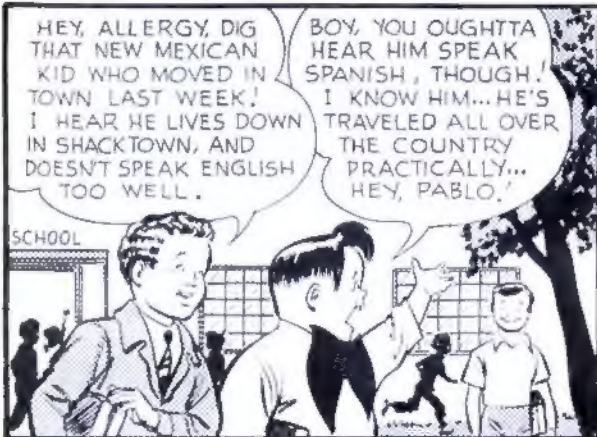
BIG TOWN

**NEW
STORIES
of
TV's
HIT
SHOW!**



STEVE--
WE'VE
REACHED A
DEAD END!

Binky says: "Welcome AMIGO!"



BIG TOWN



FROM A MYSTERIOUS CHAMBER IN BIG TOWN'S UNDERWORLD ROLLS A CRIME WAVE THAT COMPLETELY ENGULFS THE UNWARY CITY! AND WHEN STEVE WILSON, ACE NEWSHAWK OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, CRASHES THROUGH THE BARRIER GUARDING THE CRIMINAL HEAD-QUARTERS, HE HIMSELF FALLS VICTIM OF...

The CRIME LABORATORY!

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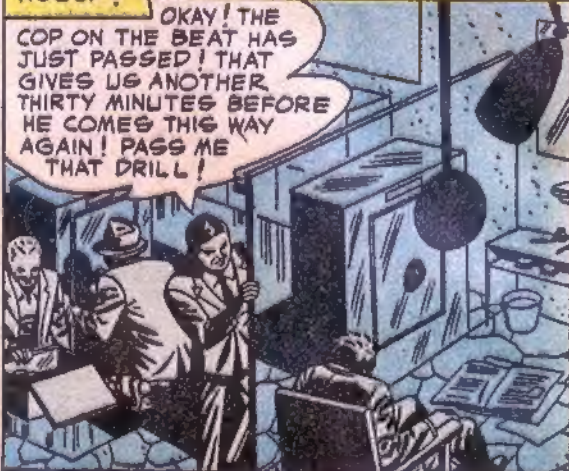
MIDNIGHT IN BIG TOWN, AS A PATROLMAN'S BEAT CARRIES HIM PAST THE AJAX TRUST COMPANY...

THERE'S OLD PAT... DOZING AS USUAL! GUESS HE KNOWS NO CROOK IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD DARE TACKLE THAT SAFE SPOTLIGHTED LIKE IT IS IN PLAIN VIEW!



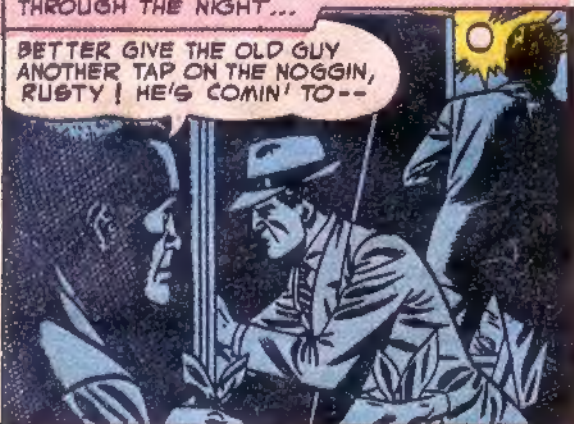
BUT FROM INSIDE THE TRUST COMPANY, A DIFFERENT SCENE ALTOGETHER PRESENTS ITSELF!

OKAY! THE COP ON THE BEAT HAS JUST PASSED! THAT GIVES US ANOTHER THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE HE COMES THIS WAY AGAIN! PASS ME THAT DRILL!



BEHIND THE COVER OF A PAINTED REPLICA OF THE SAFE, THE CROOKS WORK STEADILY THROUGH THE NIGHT...

BETTER GIVE THE OLD GUY ANOTHER TAP ON THE NOGGIN, RUSTY! HE'S COMIN' TO--



WHEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE AJAX TRUST ARRIVES IN THE MORNING...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I PASSED THIS WINDOW EVERY THIRTY MINUTES ALL NIGHT!

BUT IT MUST HAVE TAKEN THE THIEVES SIX OR EIGHT HOURS TO GET THAT OPEN, OFFICER!



LATER, POLICE INSPECTOR CALLAHAN GIVES AN INTERVIEW TO HIS OLD FRIEND, STEVE WILSON...

STEVE, THE PERCENTAGE OF SUCCESSFUL CRIMES IN BIG TOWN FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS HAS SOARED WAY ABOVE AVERAGE! WE CAN'T BEGIN TO EXPLAIN IT...

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, INSPECTOR...



YOU MEAN THAT NORMALLY, A CERTAIN PERCENTAGE OF CRIMES SHOULD FAIL -- BUT THAT FOR SOME REASON ALMOST ALL HAVE BEEN SUCCEEDING!

EXACTLY, STEVE!

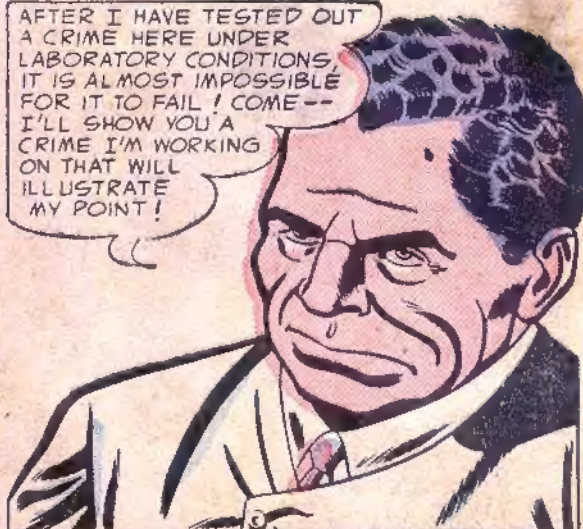


MEANWHILE, IN A HUGE CHAMBER BUILT BE-
NEATH **BIG TOWN**...

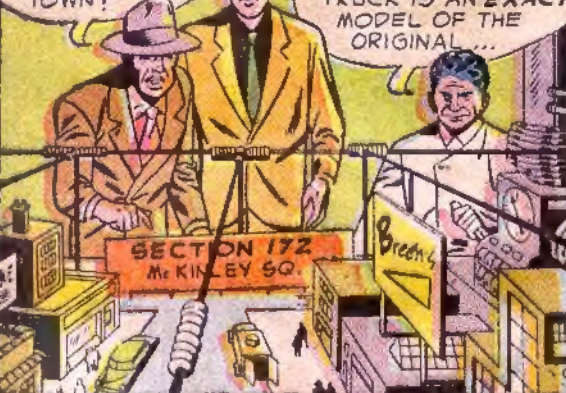
WE HEARD YOU
FIXED UP RUSTY AND HIS BOYS PRETTY
GOOD, PROFESSOR, SO WE'D LIKE TO--
UH-- TRY YOU OUT! BUT YOUR FEE OF
ONE-HALF THE TAKE
IS PRETTY HIGH!



AFTER I HAVE TESTED OUT
A CRIME HERE UNDER
LABORATORY CONDITIONS,
IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
FOR IT TO FAIL! COME--
I'LL SHOW YOU A
CRIME I'M WORKING
ON THAT WILL
ILLUSTRATE
MY POINT!



SAY, THAT LOOKS
LIKE MCKINLEY
SQUARE DOWN-
TOWN!



IT IS MCKINLEY SQUARE
IN EVERY DETAIL!
AND THAT ARMORED
TRUCK IS AN EXACT
MODEL OF THE
ORIGINAL...

THEN AS THE "PROFESSOR" SNAPS ON AN
ELECTRIC SWITCH...

HEY-- THE MODELS ARE
ALL STARTIN' TO MOVE!

THE CRIME WHICH
I AM TESTING
OUT HERE HAS
BEGUN! WATCH
CLOSELY...

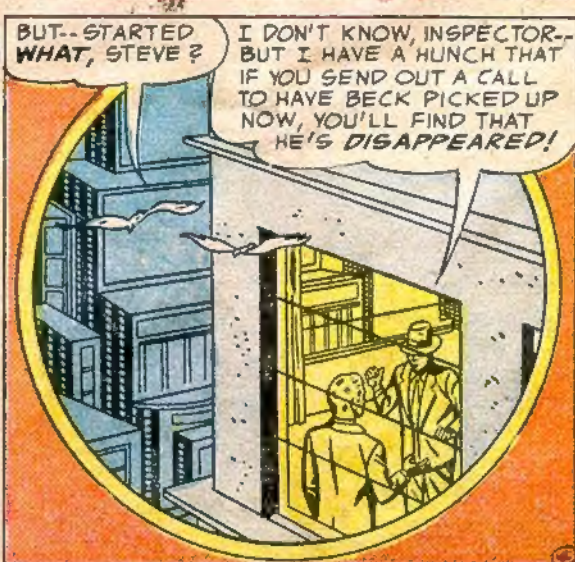
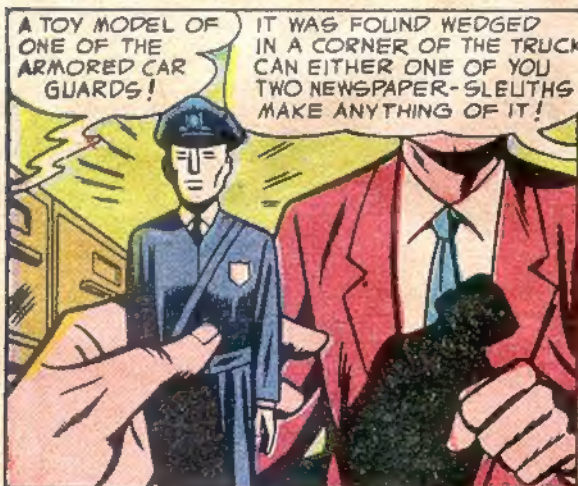


UNDER THE
PUSH-BUTTON
CONTROL OF
THE "PROFESSOR",
MINIATURE
THIEVES ATTACK
AND OVERPOWER
THE TINY GUARDS...

GETTING AWAY *INSIDE* THE ARMORED
CAR IS POSSIBLE--AS THIS TEST
PROVES! BUT IT ALL MUST BE
PLOTTED IN ADVANCE WITH
SPLIT-SECOND TIMING!

NO WONDER YOU
WANT HALF THE
LOOT, PROFESSOR!
YOU'RE WORTH IT!







BIG TOWN



SOON AFTER, WHEN A PICK-UP CALL FAILS TO PRODUCE THE EX-CONVICT, STEVE PREPARES TO SEARCH IN THE UNDERWORLD HIMSELF...

LORELEI, I'M CONVINCED WALLACE BECK HOLDS THE KEY TO THIS PUZZLE! IF I CAN LOCATE HIM, I MAY BE ABLE TO WRAP UP THIS WHOLE CASE!

THAT MEANS... YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK UP WHADDYAKNOW JOE!



SHORTLY, IN THE **GRAND HOTEL**, WHERE STEVE'S UNDERWORLD CONTACT WORKS AS A BELLHOP...

YOU LOOKIN' FOR WALLY BECK, MR. WILSON? WHY, YEAH--I DID HEAR SOMEONE SAY HE SAW HIM--JUST THE OTHER DAY--COMIN' OUT OF THE ALLEY OPPOSITE DUGAN'S LUMBER YARD...

GOOD WORK, JOE! YOU NEVER FAIL ME!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN **BIG TOWN'S** SKID ROW...

THERE'S THE LUMBER YARD... AND HERE'S THE ALLEY! BUT JOE DIDN'T MENTION IT WAS LIKE A TUNNEL--AND PITCH BLACK!



USING THE DIM LIGHT OF A POCKET LIGHTER, THE NEWSHAWK SLOWLY MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE ALLEY...

THOUGHT I KNEW MOST OF THE ALLEYS DOWN HERE--

NO HEATERS, BOYS! THE BOSS WANTS WILSON ALIVE!

HUH!



LIKE THE LASH OF A MULE-WHIP, STEVE'S LEFT FIST CONNECTS WITH ITS TARGET...

SO THE "BOSS" WANTS ME ALIVE, DOES HE? GOOD ENOUGH--AND WHAT'S MORE I AIM TO STAY THAT WAY!

WHAM!

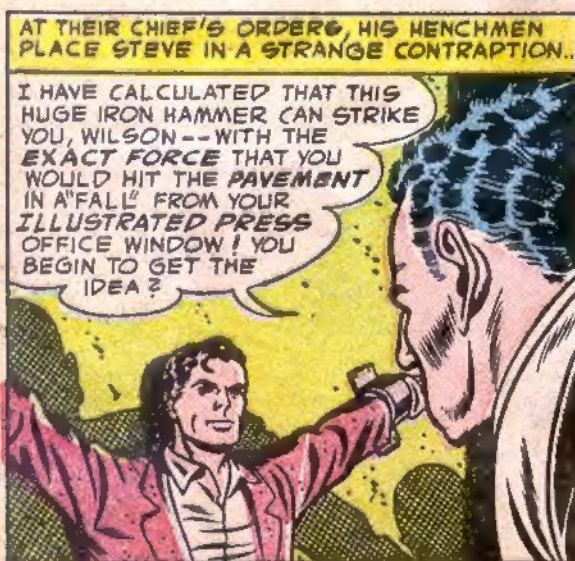
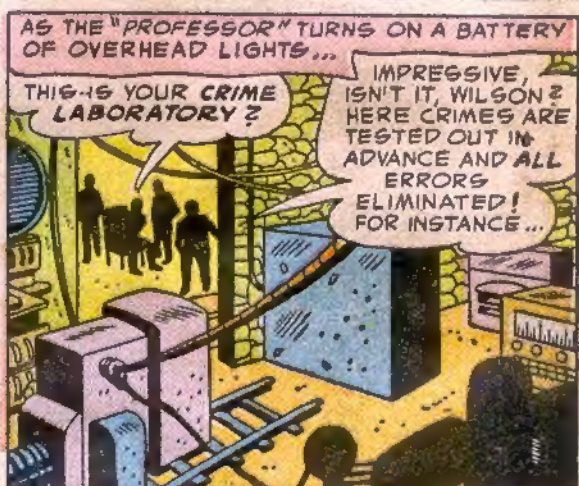
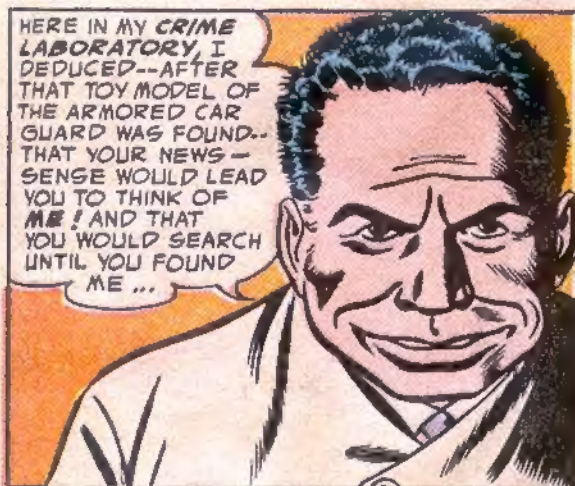


THEN SUDDENLY A BLOW FROM BEHIND FELS THE EMBATTLED NEWSHAWK...

ALL RIGHT... NOW TAKE HIM INSIDE!

RIGHT, PROFESSOR! TOOK YOU TO HANDLE HIM!

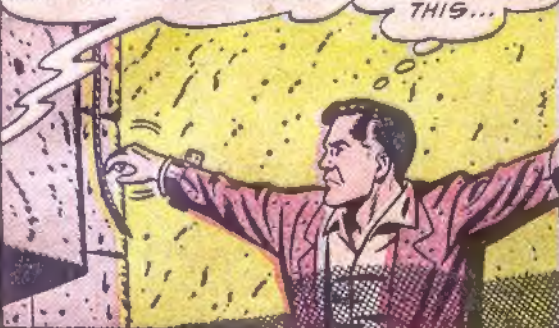




WITH A SUBTLY MENACING SMILE, THE PROFESSOR SWITCHES ON HIS DIABOLIC CONTRAPTION...

NATURALLY I LABORATORY-TESTED **THIS** CRIME MYSELF! LET ME ASSURE YOU I HAVE ELIMINATED ALL POSSIBLE ERRORS...

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING HE OVERLOOKED-- SOME WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS...



THIS GADGET WORKS BY ELECTRICITY... AND THE MOISTURE DOWN HERE HAS JUST ABOUT EATEN AWAY THAT B-X CABLE! IF I CAN REACH IT WITH MY FINGERTIPS-- WRIGGLE IT-- LIKE THIS...



THE NEXT INSTANT...

HEY! THE LIGHTS! WHAT HAPPENED?

SHORT-CIRCUIT-- AS I HOPED! NOW IF I CAN GET LOOSE--



SOME MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE BLOWN FUSE HAS BEEN REPLACED...

THESE ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN! I THINK NOW WE CAN PROCEED WITH-- UH! WILSON'S LOOSE!

RIGHT, PROFESSOR--AND READY WITH MY OWN PLAN OF ACTION!



LIKE AN UNLEASHED TORNADO, STEVE'S IRON-HARD FISTS SMASH INTO THE CROOKS.

GRAB HIM SOMEBODY! THIS CAN'T HAPPEN-- I LABORATORY-TESTED AGAINST IT!



I HATE TO DO THIS-- BUT I MUST RESORT TO A CRUDE, UNTESTED METHOD OF ELIMINATING WILSON!





BIG TOWN



NERVOUSLY MISSING HIS FIRST SHOT, THE PROFESSOR NEVER GETS ANOTHER CHANCE...



STILL LATER, AS THE CRACK NEWSMAN DICTATES AN EXCLUSIVE STORY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING EDITION...



LATER, WHEN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN ARRIVE IN ANSWER TO STEVE'S SUMMONS...

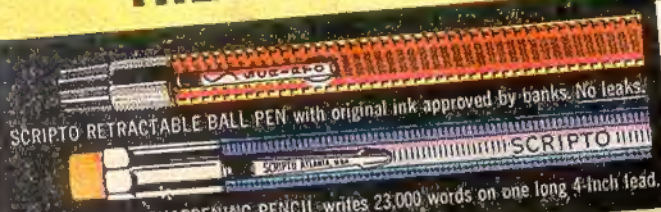


THERE IS NO WAY IN WHICH ANYONE CAN LABORATORY-TEST THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN ADVANCE! BECK IGNORED THIS--AND AS A RESULT IS IN JAIL TODAY...



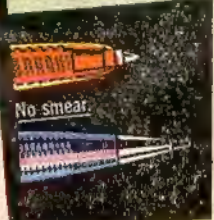
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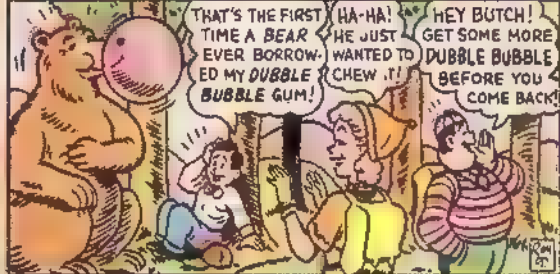
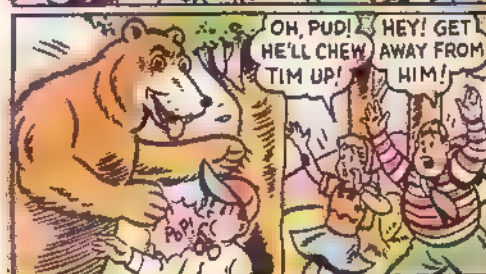
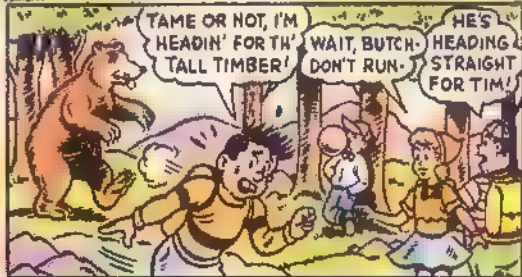
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ODD NEWSPAPER ITEMS!

SOME YEARS AGO WHEN THE ASSOCIATED PRESS SUSPECTED THE RIVAL UNITED PRESS OF PILFERING ITS DISPATCHES, IT INSERTED IN ITS STORY ABOUT A REVOLT IN INDIA THE NAME OF THE LEADER OF THE REBELLION, *SINT EL OT SPUENT*. SURE ENOUGH, THE UNITED PRESS FELL FOR THE TRAP, AND...

SEE THIS UP DISPATCH,? WELL, READ THE LEADER'S NAME BACKWARDS! THE UP STOLE THIS!

DURING A CIRCULATION WAR BETWEEN THE DENVER *ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS* AND THE DENVER *POST*, EACH PAPER OFFERED UP TO FIVE GALLONS OF GAS FREE TO EVERY CUSTOMER WHO INSERTED A WANT AD IN THE SUNDAY'S EDITION...

THANKS FOR YOUR AD, SIR! THIS TICKET ENTITLES YOU TO FIVE GALLONS OF GAS!

THE NAME JOHN B. BOGART IS A FORGOTTEN ONE EVEN IN NEWSPAPER CIRCLES. YET IT WAS THIS CITY EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK *SUN*, WHO FIRST OFFERED A TRADITIONAL ADVICE TO A CLUB REPORTER...

WHEN A DOG BITES A MAN, THAT IS NOT NEWS; BUT WHEN A MAN BITES A DOG, THAT IS NEWS!





NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION BOOSTERS!

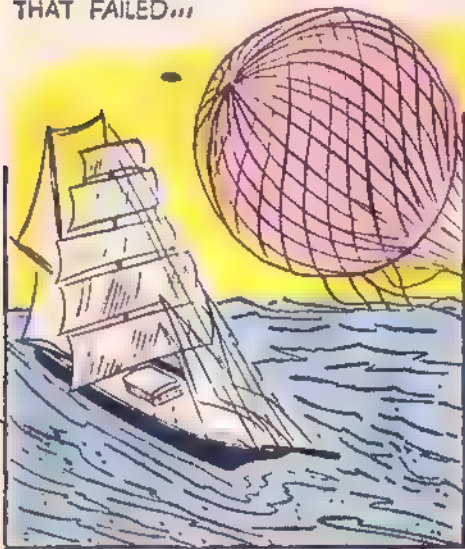
IN 185, THE NEW YORK **GAZETTE** AND **GENERAL ADVERTISER** POSTED LATE NEWS BULLETINS ON ITS FRONT DOOR, IN AN ATTEMPT TO ATTRACT NEW READERS TO THE PAPER...



130 YEARS AGO, THE **COURIER** AND **NEW YORK ENQUIRER** AND THE **JOURNAL OF COMMERCE** WHETTED READER INTEREST BY PROMOTING RACES BETWEEN THE PAPERS' SCHOONERS THAT SAILED OUT TO MEET INCOMING FOREIGN SHIPS BEARING NEWS FROM OVERSEAS...



THE NEW YORK **DAILY GRAPHIC** WON NATION-WIDE PUBLICITY IN 1873 BY ARRANGING TO HAVE A BALLOON CARRY A REPORTER AND ARTIST ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN TO EUROPE--A PROJECT THAT FAILED...



A CIRCULATION-BUILDING STUNT USED BY THE **NEW YORK EVENING POST** IN 1856 OFFERED A \$100 PRIZE FOR THE BEST CAMPAIGN SONG USED IN FREMONT'S PRESIDENTIAL RACE AGAINST BUCHANAN...

BUY THE **POST** AND GET YOUR PRIZE ENTRY BLANKS!



I WANT TO EXCHANGE MY LUCKY NUMBER FOR A NECKLACE!



A NUMBERED "TINTOGRAPH" WAS GIVEN FREE WITH EVERY COPY OF THE NEW YORK **RECORDER** SOLD IN 1892. THE HOLDERS OF THE LUCKY NUMBERS COULD EXCHANGE THEIR "TINTOGRAPHS" FOR JEWELRY, GOLD RINGS, CAMERAS, FURNITURE, CLOTHING, ETC....



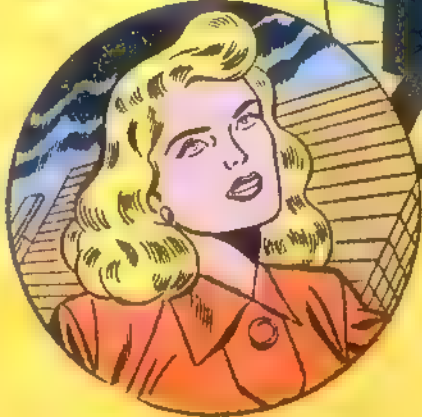
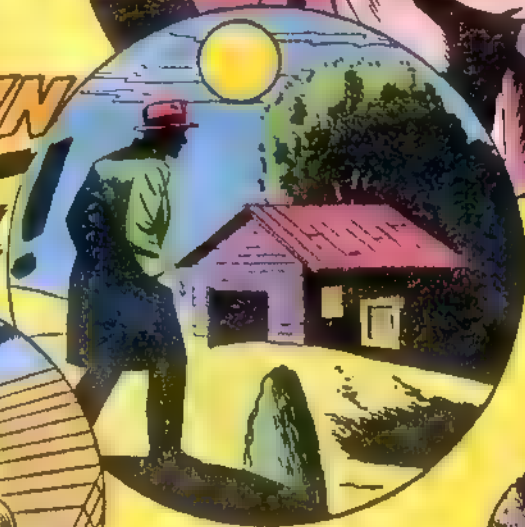
BIG TOWN

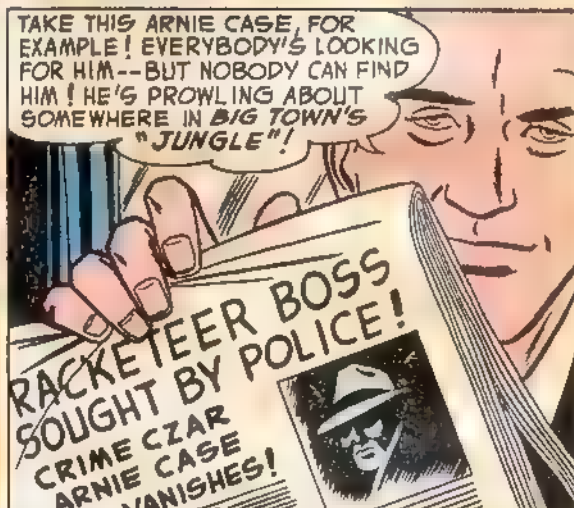
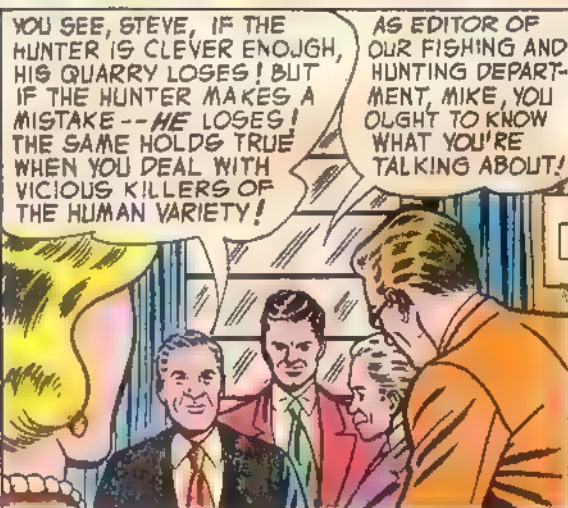
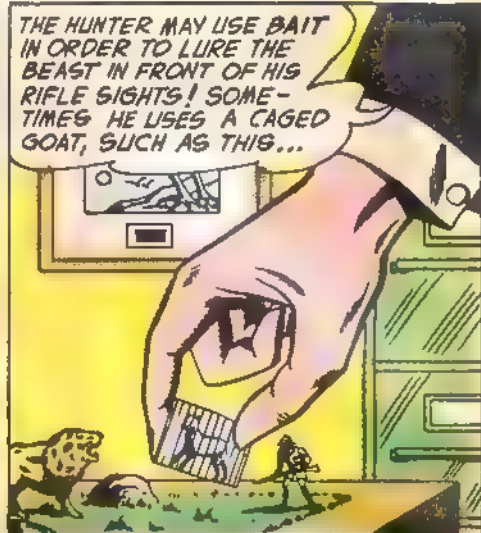
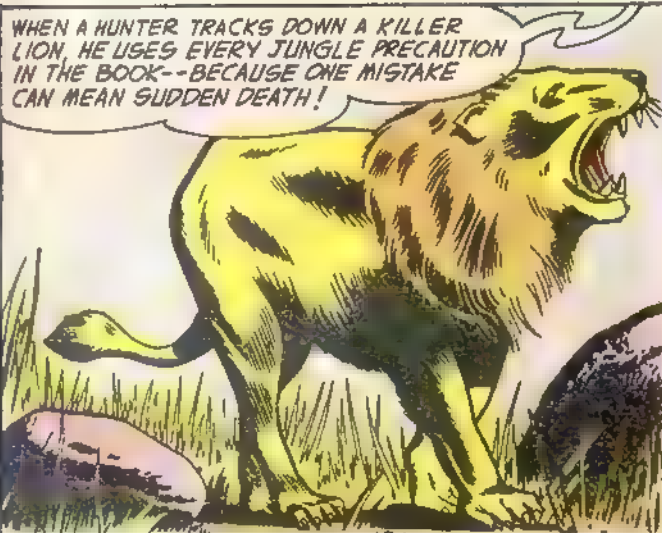
IN THE JUNGLE, SURVIVAL IS BASED UPON THE LAW OF CLAW AND FANG, AND TO THE CUNNING AND THE STRONG GO THE SPOILS OF BATTLE!

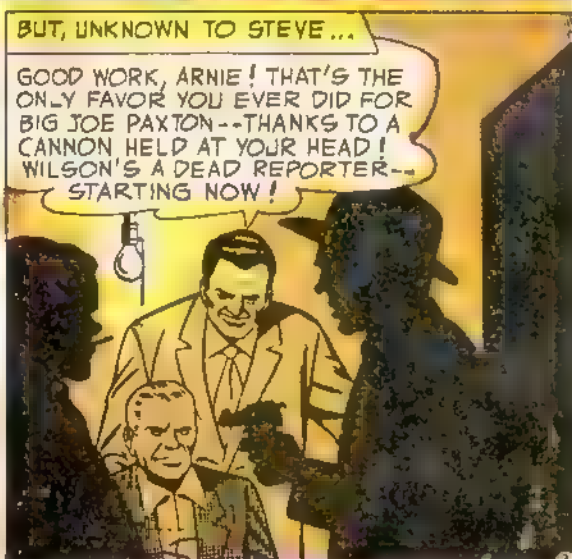
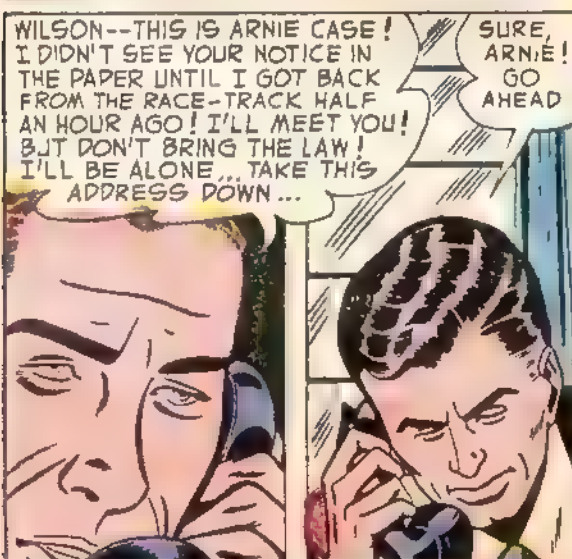
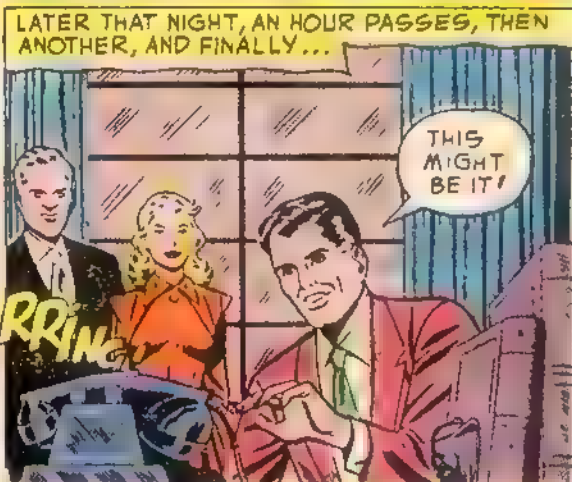
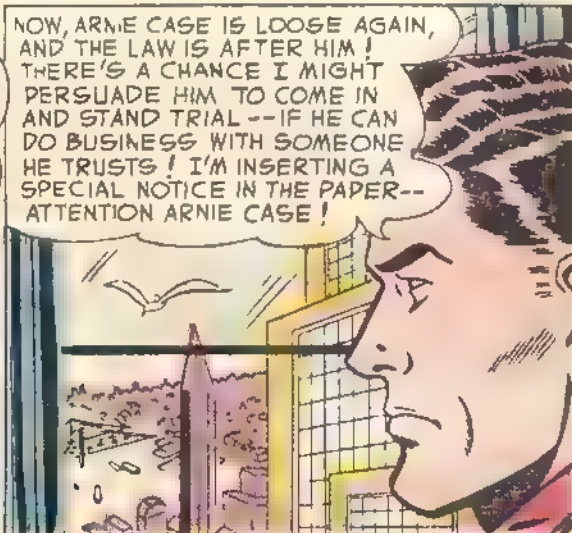
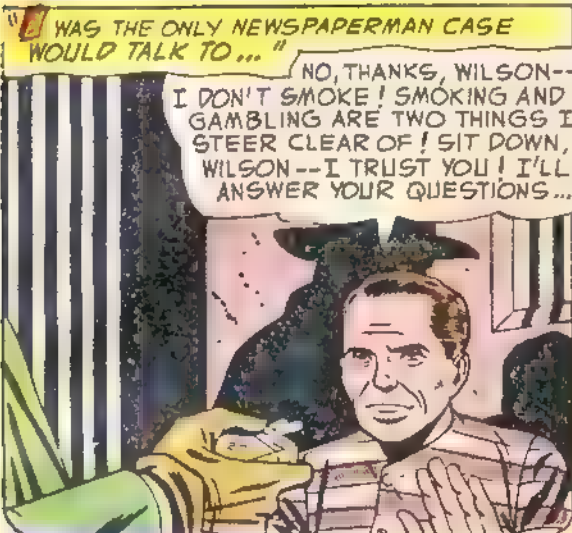
AND IN **BIG TOWN**, FAR FROM THE AFRICAN WILDS, CUNNING CRIMINALS CONSTANTLY TRY TO WIN OUT AGAINST THE LAW, ONLY TO BE STOPPED BY SUCH "HUNTERS" AS **STEVE WILSON**, CRACK REPORTER OF THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**!

BUT THIS TIME THE ACE NEWS-HAWK FINDS HIMSELF HUMAN BAIT IN A DEATHTRAP THAT LURKS IN THE SHADOWS OF THE...

BIG TOWN JUNGLE!







WHAT A DEAL! I GRABBED YOU TO KNOCK YOU OFF, SO I'D HAVE ALL THE RACKETS TO MYSELF! THEN I SEE THIS NOTICE FROM WILSON-- AND I MAKE YOU PUT THROUGH THAT CALL! SO I GET TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!



C'MON--WE'RE GOIN' OVER TO THE OLD WAGON FACTORY!



WE'VE GOT A LOT OF SCORES TO SETTLE WITH THAT SNOOPIN' REPORTER, WILSON!



MEANWHILE, AT THE ILLUS-TRATED PRESS...

MAKE, I'VE GOT TO MEET ARNIE CASE AT 11 O'CLOCK AT THE OLD WAGON WORKS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME ALONG--AND BE IN ON THE BIG CATCH?



SURE, STEVE!

THEN, AS THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK DEADLINE APPROACHES...

THIS IS AS FAR AS HARRY THE HACK CAN TAKE US! WE'LL GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON FOOT!



I'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE FOR YOU, STEVE! AND LIKE YOU SAID, IF I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING FROM YOU--I'LL CALL IN THE POLICE!



THEN, A MOMENT LATER...

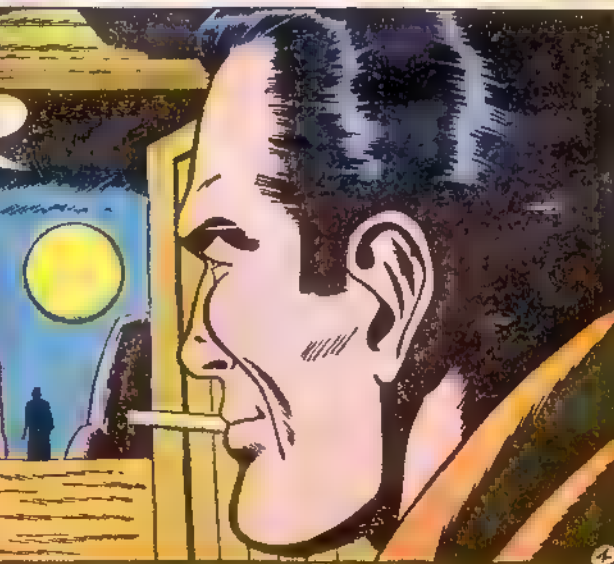
I JUST SAW THE GLOWING END OF A CIGARETTE IN THE FACTORY! CASE IS ALREADY THERE!



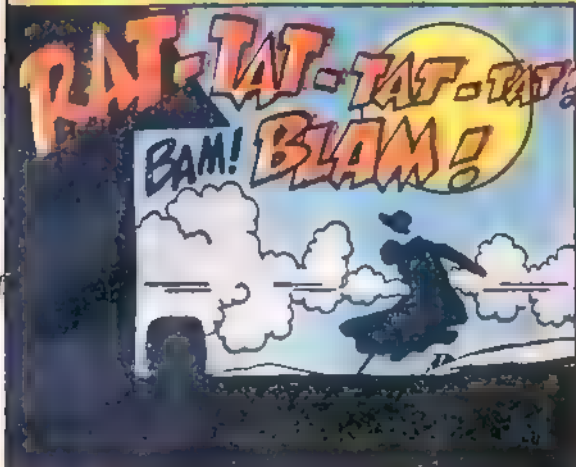
ALL RIGHT, MIKE! WE'VE GOT TEN MINUTES TO SPRING OUR TRAP!

THEN, AT ELEVEN SHARP...

I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR WILSON--HE'S PUNCTUAL! GET READY, BOYS! AND WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL--FIRE AWAY!



SUDDENLY, THE STILLNESS OF THE OLD WAGON WORKS EXPLODES IN A ROAR OF GUNSHOTS...



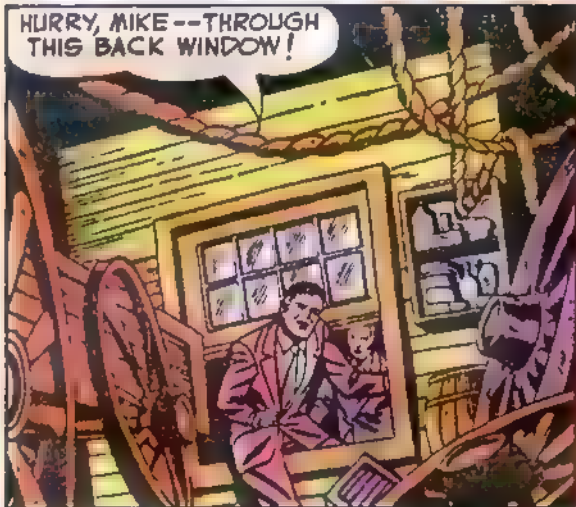
THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

GET OUT THERE AND MAKE SURE WILSON'S FINISHED!

SO FAR SO GOOD, MIKE! NOW AROUND TO THE BACK!



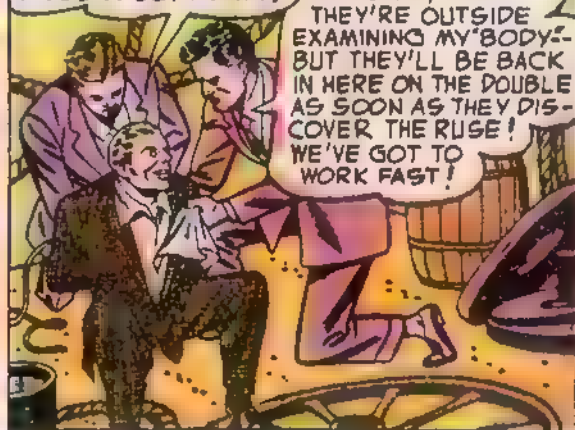
HURRY, MIKE--THROUGH THIS BACK WINDOW!



THEN INSIDE THE WAGON FACTORY...

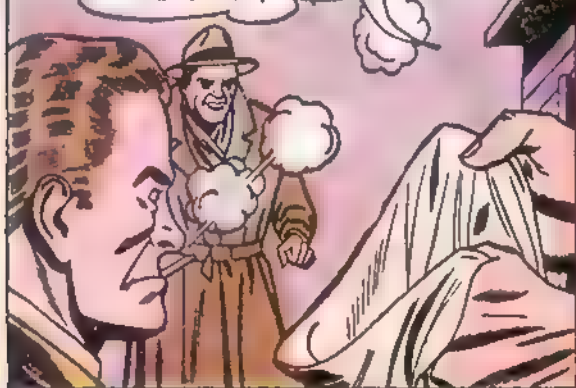
WILSON! BUT HOW...?

NO NOISE, ARNIE-- THEY'RE OUTSIDE EXAMINING MY BODY-- BUT THEY'LL BE BACK IN HERE ON THE DOUBLE AS SOON AS THEY DISCOVER THE RUSE! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



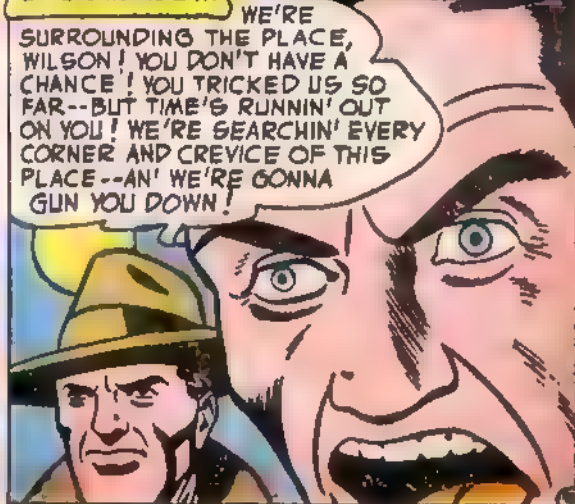
MEANWHILE ...

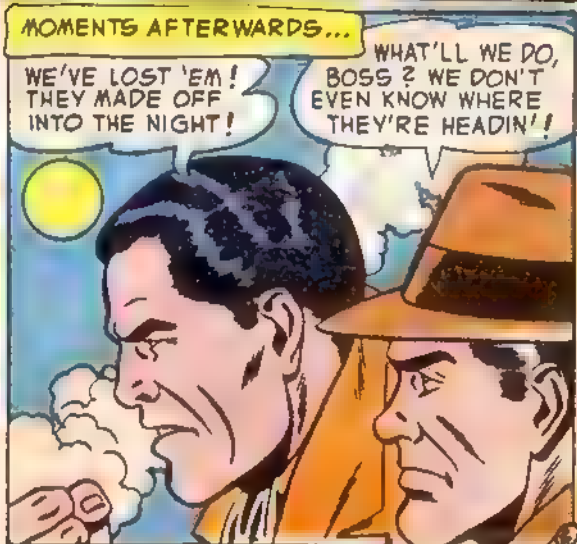
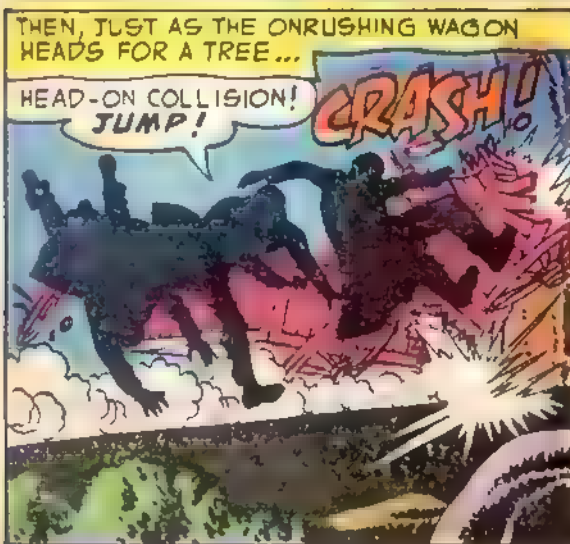
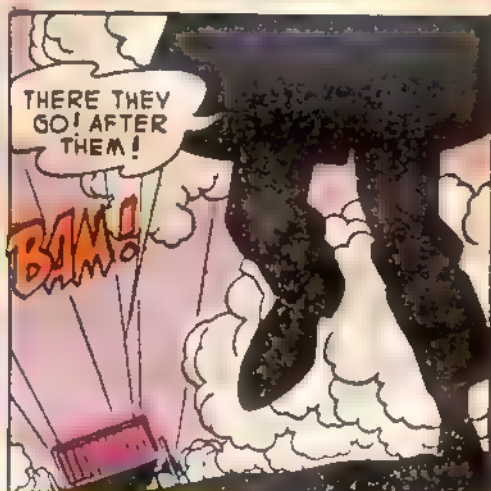
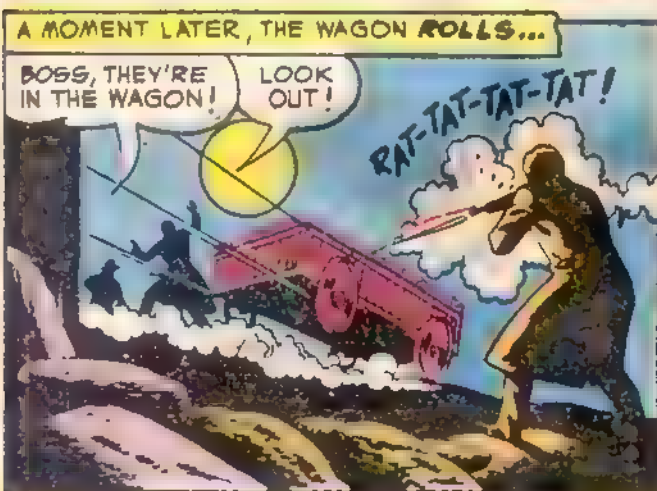
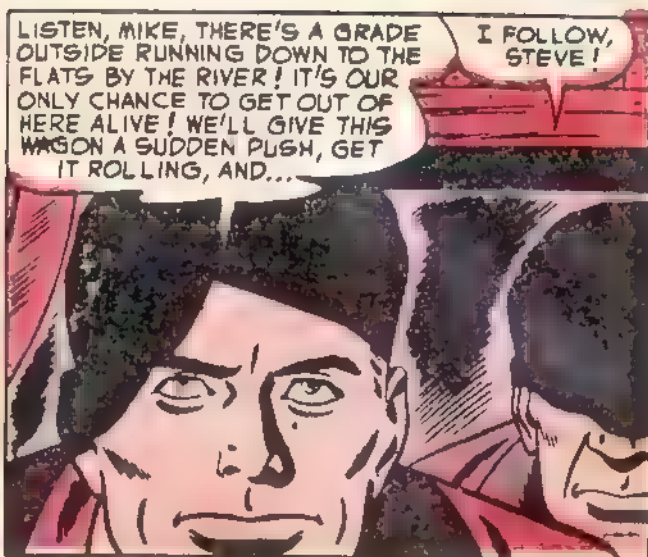
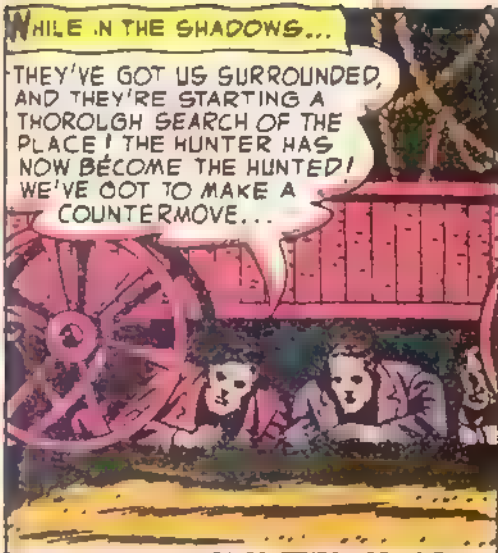
NOTHING BUT A DUMMY! WILSON FOOLED US! GET BACK INSIDE! HE MIGHT MAKE A MOVE TO FREE CASE!



BACK INSIDE ...

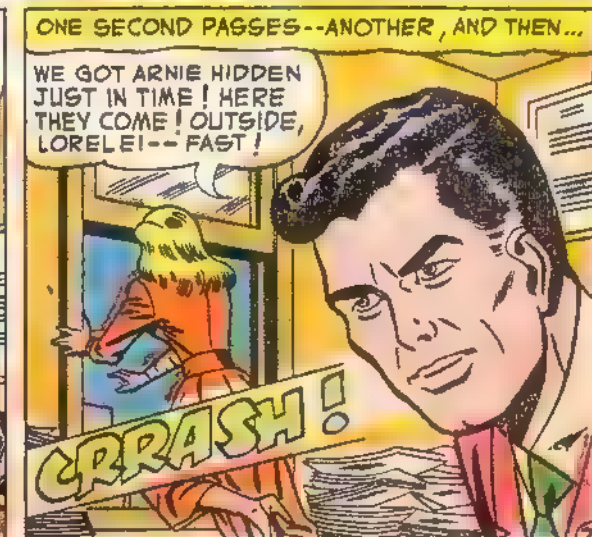
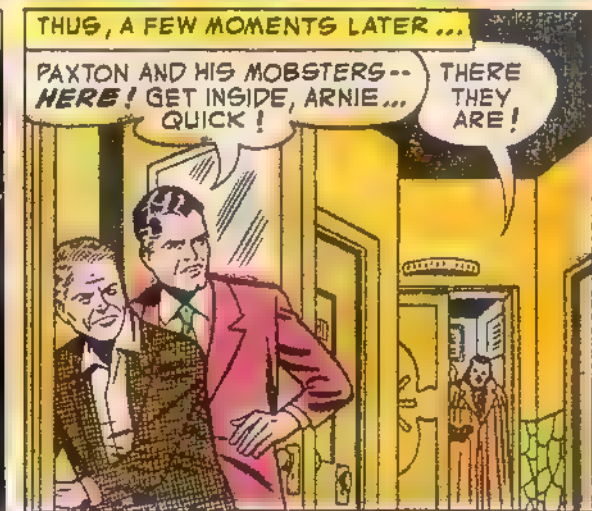
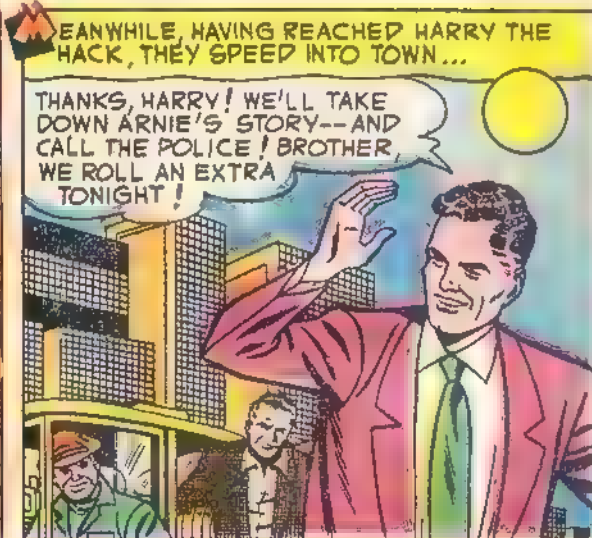
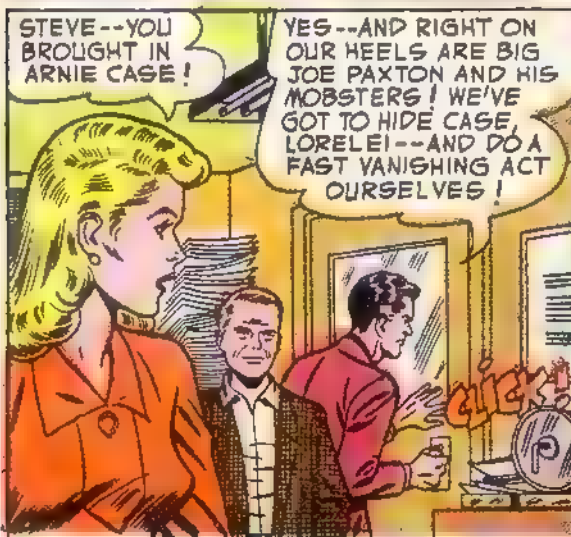
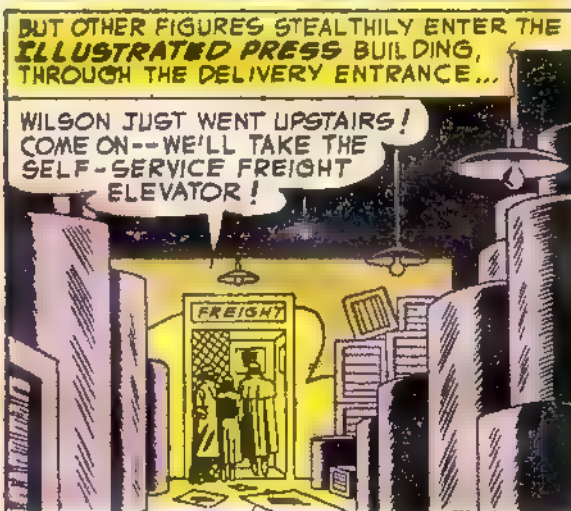
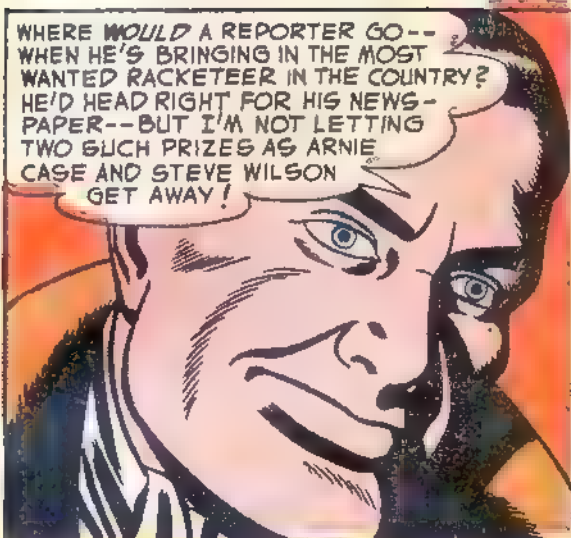
WE'RE SURROUNDING THE PLACE, WILSON! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE! YOU TRICKED US SO FAR--BUT TIME'S RUNNIN' OUT ON YOU! WE'RE SEARCHIN' EVERY CORNER AND CREVICE OF THIS PLACE--AN' WE'RE GONNA GUN YOU DOWN!







BIG TOWN





BIG TOWN



A HURRIED SEARCH OF THE OFFICE IS MADE BY THE CROOKS, AND...

THE LEDGE ENDS THERE, WILSON-- YOU'VE GOT NO PLACE ELSE TO GO--**BUT DOWN!** YOU'RE GOING DOWN, TOO--**BOTH OF YOU--AFTER YOU TELL ME WHERE CASE IS HIDDEN!**



IT WON'T WORK, PAXTON! THE POLICE ARE ON THEIR WAY--PROBABLY HERE BY NOW!

AN OLD GAG, WILSON! I'M SURPRISED AT A SMART GUY LIKE YOU TRYIN' IT! NOW TALK! WHERE'S CASE? ONE--TWO--THREE, AND I SHOOT!



MOMENTS LATER--INSIDE THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS** ROOM...

YOU DREW THE ATTENTION OF HARRY THE HACK BY DROPPING THAT PAPER WEIGHT ON HIS CAB, MR. WILSON--AND HE SUMMONED US! WE HAD TO SHOOT PAXTON--HE WAS ALL SET TO KILL YOU!

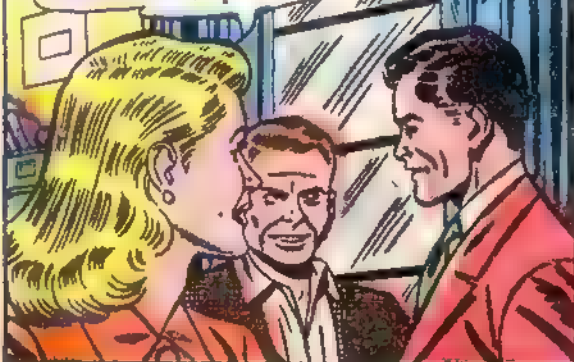


I COULDN'T THINK OF ANY PLACE TO HIDE ARNIE--EXCEPT UNDER ALL THESE OLD NEWSPAPERS! PAXTON NEVER THOUGHT OF LOOKING HERE! COME ON OUT, ARNIE!



THE **EXTRA** IS ROLLING NOW, STEVE. NOW TELL ME, HOW DID YOU KNOW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH CASE'S PHONE CALL TO YOU--AND THAT IT WAS MEANT AS YOUR DEATHTRAP?

BECAUSE OF WHAT ARNIE CASE ONCE TOLD ME...

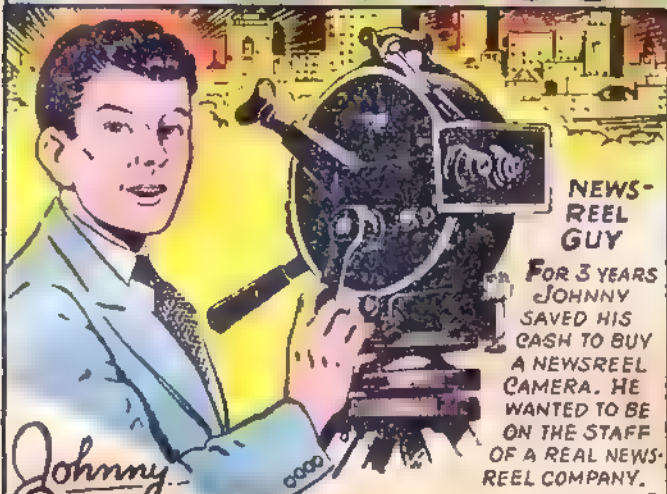


OVER THE PHONE ARNIE SAID HE HAD JUST RETURNED FROM THE RACETRACK--WHICH TIPPED ME OFF THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG BECAUSE HE DOESN'T GAMBLE! LATER, I SAW SOMEBODY SMOKING IN THE WAGON FACTORY! CASE DOESN'T SMOKE--YET HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ALONE! I WAS SURE THEN IT WAS A TRAP TO GET ME!



The End

BIG TOWNERS



NEWS-REEL GUY

FOR 3 YEARS JOHNNY SAVED HIS CASH TO BUY A NEWSREEL CAMERA. HE WANTED TO BE ON THE STAFF OF A REAL NEWS-REEL COMPANY.

Johnny Barron

RECENTLY A STORM HIT NEW YORK. JOHNNY TOOK HIS CAMERA TO THE ROOF OF A BUILDING, TIED HIMSELF DOWN IN A 100-MILE-A-HOUR GALE AND GOT PICTURES OF ROOFS PEELING AWAY. IT WON HIM A JOB WITH AMERICA'S BIGGEST N.R. COMPANY.



Edna Hancock

A TAILOR FOR DOGS!

AN UNUSUAL GAL IN AN UNUSUAL PROFESSION. SHE RUNS A SNAZZY SHOP ON NEW YORK'S FIFTH AVENUE THAT CATERES TO PUPS. EDNA MAKES SNAZZY JACKETS, BOOTS, RAINCOATS AND LEASHES FOR FIDO. SHE GOT STARTED BY MAKING DRESSES FOR DOLLS.



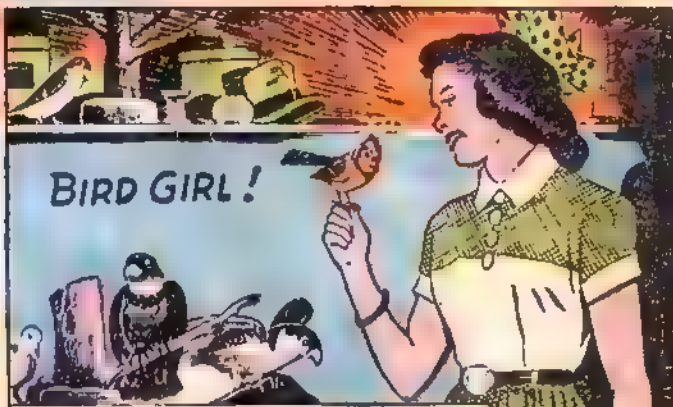
JOE, OF CHICAGO, ATTENDS DANCES AND SNAPS PHOTOS OF GUESTS. HE DEVELOPS THE PHOTOS IN HIS SPECIAL AUTO PARKED OUTSIDE.

BEFORE THE PARTY IS OVER THE GUESTS GET THEIR PICTURES.

Joe Sands

HE CHARGES \$1 FOR HIS PHOTOS AND MAKES AS MUCH AS \$20 A NIGHT!

JOE MADE HIS SPECIAL AUTO HIMSELF.



BIRD GIRL!

THIS YOUTHFUL LASS MAKES PLENTY OF MONEY AS A TAXIDERMIST. SHE STUFFS BEAUTIFUL BIRDS AND SELLS THEM TO MILLINERS FOR HATS AND DISPLAYS.

WITH A SPECIAL SPRAY SHE COLORS HER BIRDS ODD COLORS, MAKING THEM MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER.

Gay Canyon
NEW YORK CITY *The End*

AT HIS ILLUSTRATED PRESS OFFICE, STEVE WILSON IS CLEANING HIS TEETH WITH **PEPSODENT** WHEN...

HEY, LORELEI! SURPRISE, SURPRISE! THEY'VE CHANGED THE PEPsODENT FLAVOR!

I KNOW... DOESN'T IT TASTE GOOD!

WONDER WHY THEY CHANGED IT?

LET'S GO ALONG AND TALK TO THE PEPsODENT PEOPLE AND FIND OUT...THERE MIGHT BE A STORY

WE SWITCHED, BECAUSE GROWN-UPS PREFERRED THE NEW FLAVOR...HANDS DOWN! THEN, TO OUR SURPRISE, CHILDREN WENT CRAZY FOR IT! COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU

HELLO, KIDS! HOW D'YOU LIKE PEPsODENT'S NEW FLAVOR?

WOW! IT'S TERRIFIC!

M'MMM... SO FRESH AND FROSTY!

DOESN'T TASTE LIKE TOOTH PASTE!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL, STEVE. A FAMOUS UNIVERSITY PROVED PEPsODENT'S **ORAL DETERGENT** GIVES YOU THE **CLEANEST TEETH OF ALL LEADING TOOTH PASTES**

THAT'S VERY INTERESTING. CAN WE PROVE IT FOR OURSELVES?

YES! YOUR OWN PROOF IS A CLEAN MOUTH TASTE FOR HOURS! AND WE GUARANTEE **PEPSODENT** TO PLEASE YOU... OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LOCATING THE MISSING



MORE than 250,000 persons are reported missing in the U. S. each year. Happily, a substantial percentage of these are located and returned to their families.

How the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in cooperation with local police authorities, and with the aid of the nation's press, act swiftly to seek out those who, voluntarily or otherwise, wish to lose themselves, is fairly well known by now.

The mystery of the missing person is always an intriguing story, and the press delves into a case with relish—not only because it is able to render invaluable help by publicizing the event, and publishing descriptions to the millions who read newspapers, but because it always makes for a good story.

The fact is, however, that it is the big failures, not the stunning successes, that people remember. When John Doe suddenly tires of his humdrum existence, and decides to take off, leaving a wife and three children destitute—chances are, after the police and press get done with him, he'll be back home, a sadder though wiser man.

And the average reader will finish the newspaper account of Mr. Doe, yawn, and turn the page. But let John Doe cover his traces completely—let him vanish into thin air—and his neighbors will be talking about it for years—wondering all the time, Whatever became of him, and what's he doing right now?

Possibly, that's all part of human nature—the fact remains, however, that while most missing persons are eventually found, it is the remote and rare unsolved case that grips and holds our imagination and memory.

For example—one hot August night some years ago, a tall, portly man was lunching with his attorney in a Times Square restaurant. He chatted amiably throughout his meal, mentioning offhand that he planned to spend a few weeks at his summer home in Maine.

Sometime after 9 p.m., he left the restaurant and hailed a taxicab. When that cab rounded the corner, it touched off one of the most baffling disappearances in modern police history.

With the world press front-paging his likeness on its front pages, and every policeman alerted from one end of the world to the other, the tall, portly man was never again seen. His name? Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Crater.

Hundreds of thousands of missing persons have been found since Judge Crater entered that taxi—but comedians still gag about the missing Justice, and critics of police methods continue to refer to the absent judge as a measure of their value.

The fact is, that when a person is reported missing, whether he be an important personage or an ordinary little man, the highly-gearred, intricate system of the Miss-

ing Persons Bureau immediately meshes into swift action.

A daily mimeographed bulletin, listing names and descriptions, is sent to all municipal lodging houses, Y's, shelters, police stations, morgues, etc. If there is reason to believe that the persons have skipped town, teletyped alarms are flashed to all police agencies in 15 states. On important cases 29,000 police stations throughout the U. S. are alerted.

When the police get on a case, so thoroughly do they honeycomb the nation that 99.5 per cent of the cases are solved each year and the books closed on them. But what about the remaining one half of one per cent? What happened to them?

Officially, the cases cannot be considered closed while the missing person remains missing—and police have been known to run down a clue 10 and 15 years after the original disappearance. Sometimes with success.

A notable example concerns a man listed missing for over 30 years. No one ever found out what came over him the day he came home from the office earlier than usual, packed his bag, and simply took the first train out of town.

He wound up in a middle-sized city 2,000 miles away, starting life anew, with a brand new name and a new personality to match it. He had committed no wrong, legally or otherwise, and wasn't on any police list except the one in the missing persons bureau.

He left no dependents—only a number of friends who were concerned at the possibility of foul play. As noted above, he was finally tracked down 2,000 miles away, living under another name, and identified by his finger prints, taken when he took a job in a war plant.

Needless to say, the "missing person" was amazed at the long memory (and arm) of the law—but his only reply, when questioned as to his motives for disappearing, was: "I really don't know why I did it . . . I guess I just felt like it."

Only one occurrence of the police track-

ing down, after the passing of many years, a long-lost person, is sufficient to raise the hopes of those whose loved ones also disappeared in the long-ago, and since presumed by law to be dead.

Remember Amelia Earhart? Her plane disappeared in the Pacific in 1937. Rumors are still cropping up concerning her. The most popular seems to be that she is living on a tiny atoll, far from the Pacific sea lanes, still awaiting rescue.

Another famous missing person called to mind is Richard Halliburton, the travel author. On March 23, 1939, his vessel, the 75-foot Chinese junk *Sea Dragon*, was plowing through mountainous seas west of Midway Island, when its captain radioed a "Having wonderful time" message to a passing liner.

It was the last message ever heard from the craft. Naval ships scoured 152,000 square miles of ocean for many weeks, but not a trace of the *Sea Dragon* was ever found.

Without a doubt, the most famous—or, we should say, infamous—missing person of modern times is the Fuehrer himself, Adolph Hitler. The facts are these:

In April of 1945, Hitler retreated into the Reichschancellery, and ordered all doors and windows barricaded. As Russian and Allied shells hit closer and closer, Hitler and Eva Braun retreated into his private bunker. From here he issued his final orders.

Then, finally, came the suspenseful announcement—Hitler had killed himself, and the war was over. When the Russians plowed into the building, they began an immediate search for the body of the former dictator—but found nothing, not a trace.

After a careful search, the Russians announced that Hitler had pulled a fast one—that he was still alive and in hiding. The Allies chose to believe the story of the suicide. Who is right? Did Hitler take the easy way out? Or did he become the Number 1 missing person? What do you think?

Famous Newspaper Firsts!

THE FIRST SYNDICATED COLUMN ORIGINATED IN THE **JOURNAL OF OCCURRENCES** (1768) AND WAS A PROPAGANDA ACCOUNT OF BOSTON'S SUFFERING UNDER BRITISH MILITARY RULE AND TAXES...

HERE IN NEW YORK WE NEVER SUSPECTED HOW MUCH THE PEOPLE OF BOSTON HAVE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH!



NOAH WEBSTER WROTE THE FIRST "EDITORIAL" IN HIS COLUMN APPEARING IN THE NEW YORK **MINERVA** OF 1793--PRESENTING HIS COMMENTS ON THE DAY'S NEWS WHILE EMPLOYING THE USE OF THE EDITORIAL "WE"...



"HOGAN'S ALLEY" IS ACCEPTED AS THE FORERUNNER OF THE MODERN COMIC STRIP. APPEARING AS A WEEKLY DRAWING IN THE 1890'S, IT RECEIVED IMMEDIATE POPULAR ACCLAIM. LATER THE TITLE WAS CHANGED TO "THE YELLOW KID"...



ADAPTED FROM AN 1897 "YELLOW KID" CARTOON--COPYRIGHTED KING FEATURES SYNDICATE

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ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR
ALL STAR WESTERN
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BIG TOWN
BOB HOPE
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DEAN MARTIN
and JERRY LEWIS
A DATE WITH JUDY
DETECTIVE COMICS

EVERYTHING
HAPPENS TO HARVEY
FLIPPITY & FLOP
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GANG BUSTERS
HERE'S HOWIE
HOPALONG CASSIDY
HOUSE OF MYSTERY
LEADING COMICS
LEAVE IT TO BINKY
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
MYSTERY IN SPACE
MUTT & JEFF

OUR ARMY AT WAR
PETER PANDA
PETER PORKCHOPS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
REX THE WONDER DOG
STAR SPANGLED WAR STORIES
STRANGE ADVENTURES
SUPERBOY
SUPERMAN
THE FOX & THE CROW
TOMAHAWK
WESTERN COMICS
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

BIG TOWN

THIS'LL TEACH YA
TO QUIT MEDDLIN',
WILSON!

BAM!
BAM!



IN FULL VIEW OF A STUNNED THEATRICAL AUDIENCE, A MAN IS MURDERED -- AND YET NO ONE CAN BRING THE CUNNING KILLER TO JUSTICE! CRACK NEWSHAWK STEVE WILSON TREADS A STRANGE AND PERILOUS MAZE OF CONFLICTING CLUES IN AN EFFORT TO DISCOVER WHO KILLED ACTOR ALAN HAINES -- AND EVEN MORE IMPORTANT -- WHY!

DEATH TAKES THE STAGE!



BIG TOWN



ONE EVENING AS STEVE WILSON ENJOYS A PRE-THEATER DINNER WITH LORELEI KILBOURNE...

STEVE, HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU MANAGE TO GET TICKETS FOR ALAN HAINES' PLAY, *RICHARD THE EIGHTH*? THEY'RE SO SCARCE!

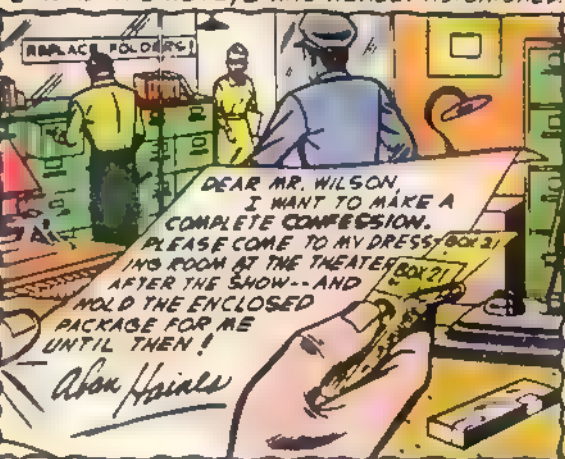
IT WAS SIMPLE, LORELEI! I GOT THEM FROM ALAN HAINES HIMSELF! GUESS I'D BETTER EXPLAIN...

LATE THIS AFTERNOON, WHILE YOU WERE OUT ON AN ASSIGNMENT, AND I WAS ALONE IN THE OFFICE, A MESSENGER DELIVERED A NOTE AND A PACKAGE FOR ME FROM ALAN HAINES! I WAS A BIT SURPRISED...



"...BECAUSE I HAD NEVER MET HIM! BUT WHEN I READ THE NOTE, I WAS REALLY ASTONISHED."

"THE TICKETS WERE CLIPPED TO THE NOTE! HERE IT IS..."



DEAR MR. WILSON,
I WANT TO MAKE A COMPLETE CONFESSION.
PLEASE COME TO MY DRESSING ROOM AT THE THEATER BOX 21
AFTER THE SHOW--AND
HOLD THE ENCLOSED PACKAGE FOR ME UNTIL THEN!

Alan Haines

CONFESSION? WHAT CAN THAT POSSIBLY MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW--ANY MORE THAN I KNOW WHAT'S IN THIS PACKAGE. ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT FOR HARRIS TO EXPLAIN.

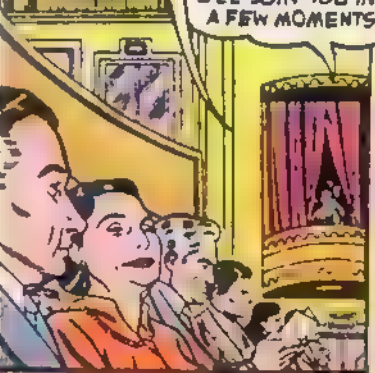


SHORTLY, INSIDE THE BIG TOWN REPERTORY THEATER...

MMM! BOX SEATS! HOW NICE!

YOU GO IN AND SIT DOWN, LORELEI! I'LL JOIN YOU IN A FEW MOMENTS!

THERE'S STILL A FEW MINUTES BEFORE CURTAIN...MAYBE I CAN SQUEEZE IN A FEW WORDS WITH ALAN HAINES BEFORE HE GOES ON STAGE!



SUDDENLY...

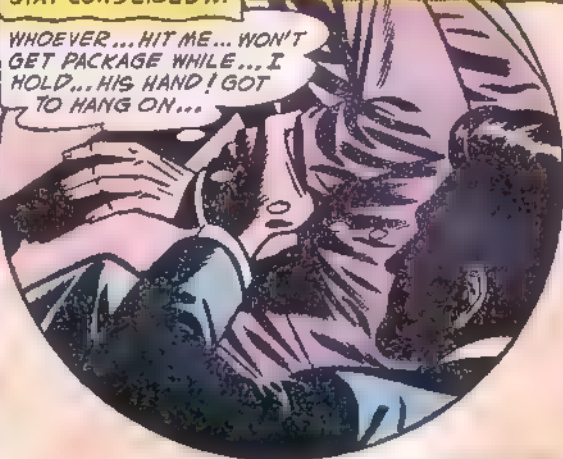


FALLING, STEVE IS DIMLY AWARE THAT THE CORRIDOR AROUND HIM HAS BEEN PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...



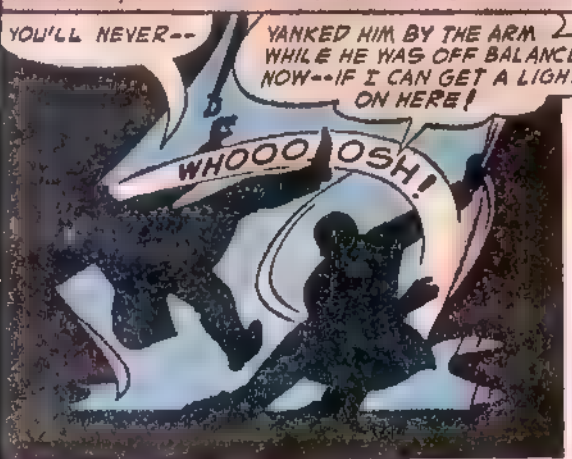
SOMEONE...
A HAND... AT
MY POCKET!
TRYING TO GET
HAINES' PACK-
AGE! MUSTN'T
LET HIM!

CALLING UPON ALL HIS TREMENDOUS RESERVES OF VITALITY, THE STURDY NEWSHAWK MANAGES TO STAY CONSCIOUS...



WHOEVER... HIT ME... WON'T
GET PACKAGE WHILE... I
HOLD... HIS HAND! GOT
TO HANG ON...

GRIMLY RETAINING HIS GRIP UNTIL HIS STRENGTH RETURNS, THE NEWSMAN FIGHTS BACK...

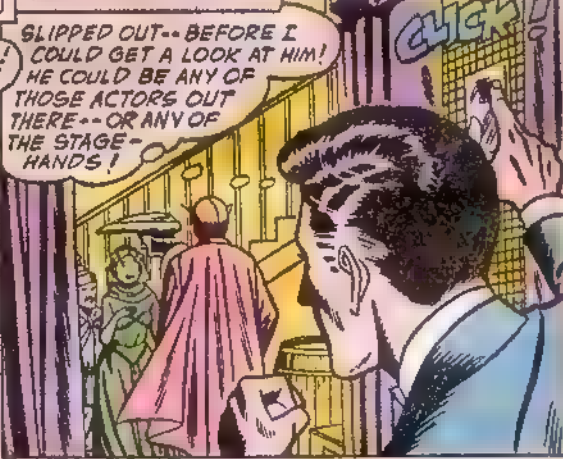


YOU'LL NEVER--

YANKED HIM BY THE ARM
WHILE HE WAS OFF BALANCE!
NOW--IF I CAN GET A LIGHT
ON HERE!

WHOOOOSH!

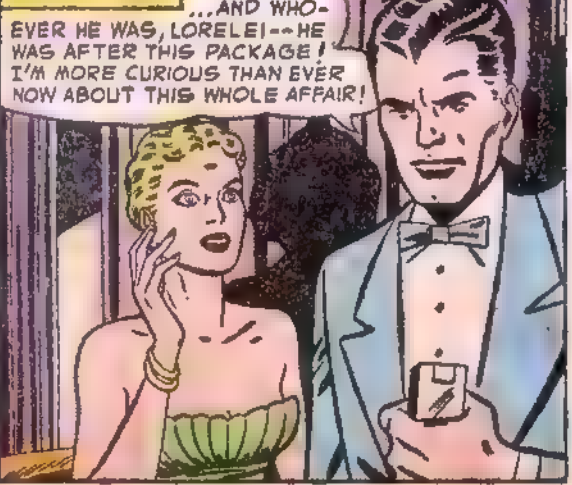
BUT BY THE TIME STEVE HAS SNAPPED ON THE LIGHT SWITCH...



SLIPPED OUT-- BEFORE I
COULD GET A LOOK AT HIM!
HE COULD BE ANY OF
THOSE ACTORS OUT
THERE-- OR ANY OF
THE STAGE-
HANDS!

CLICK!

SOON AFTER, AS THE CURTAIN RISES FOR THE FIRST ACT...



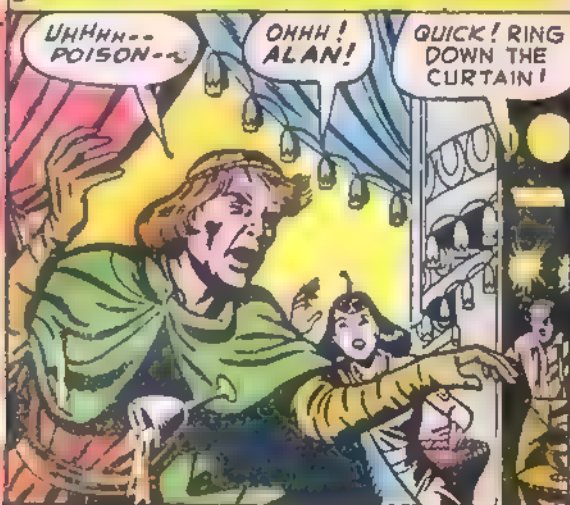
...AND WHO-
EVER HE WAS, LORELEI-- HE
WAS AFTER THIS PACKAGE!
I'M MORE CURIOUS THAN EVER
NOW ABOUT THIS WHOLE AFFAIR!

WITH HEIGHTENED INTEREST, THE TWO NEWS-
GATHERS TURN TO THE DRAMA ON THE STAGE...



MILADY I DRINK OUR
FUTURE IN THIS DRAM!

SUDDENLY... TO THE HORROR OF THE AUDIENCE...



UHHH--
POISON--

OH!!
ALAN!

QUICK! RING
DOWN THE
CURTAIN!

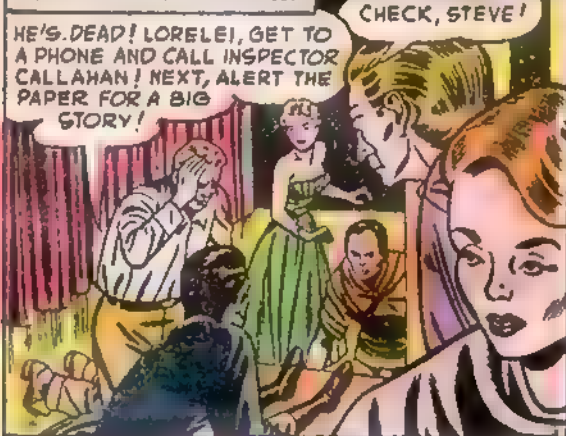
AS STEVE AND LORELEI WATCH TRANSFIXED, THEY FAIL TO NOTICE A SILENT MOTION NEAR THEM...



THERE IS
MORE REAL-LIFE DRAMA
ON THE STAGE THAN
WE COUNTED ON!

THEY'RE STOPPING THE
PLAY!

MOMENTARILY UNAWARE OF THE LOSS OF THE MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE, THE ACE NEWSHAWK RUSHES BACKSTAGE...



HE'S DEAD! LORELEI, GET TO
A PHONE AND CALL INSPECTOR
CALLAHAN! NEXT, ALERT THE
PAPER FOR A BIG
STORY!

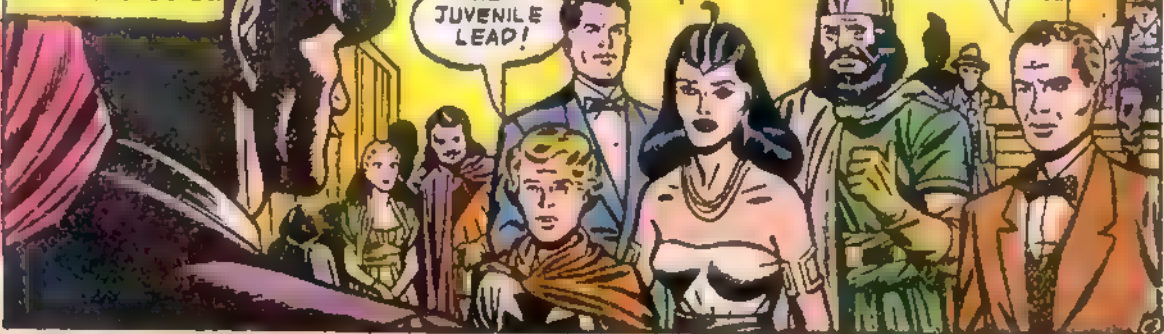
CHECK, STEVE!

THEN, AS STEVE REMEMBERS THE PACKAGE -- AND RUSHES BACK TO THE SEAT HE VACATED ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE...



IT'S NOT HERE!
WHAT A FOOL THING TO DO! I HAVE
ONE IMPORTANT CLUE IN THIS CASE,
AND I LET IT GET STOLEN FROM
ME!

SHORTLY, AFTER INSPECTOR CALLAHAN HAS ARRIVED AND TAKEN CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATION AND QUESTIONING OF SUSPECTS...



INTRODUCE YOURSELVES,
PLEASE! IT WILL SAVE
US ALL TIME!

I'M ELSA
WILE --
ALAN'S
LEADING
LADY!

I'M ED
TORBER,
THE
VILLAIN!

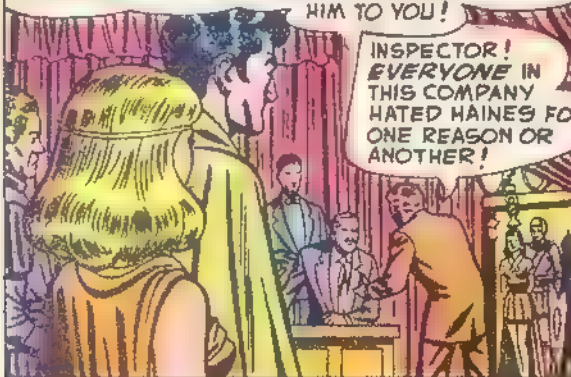
PAUL
HUNGERFORD!
I'M THE
PRODUCER!

I'M FRED
KELLER,
THE
JUVENILE
LEAD!

RELENTLESSLY QUESTIONING THE DRAMA GROUP, CALLAHAN TURNS UP SOME INTERESTING REVELATIONS...

HUNGERFORD, WE'VE HEARD THAT YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH MISS WILE--AND THAT YOU HATED ALAN HAINES BECAUSE SHE PREFERRED HIM TO YOU!

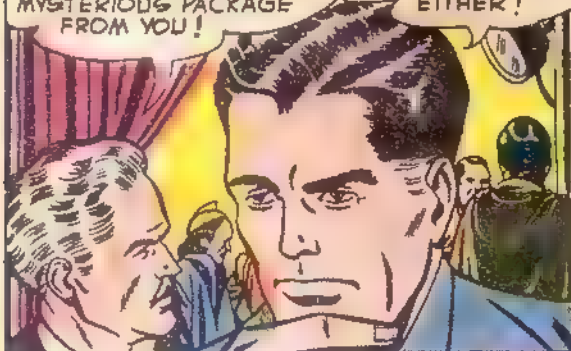
INSPECTOR! EVERYONE IN THIS COMPANY HATED HAINES FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER!



LATER, WHEN THE INSPECTOR SUMS UP HIS INFORMATION...

ANY ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE PUT POISON IN HAINES' CUP, STEVE--OR STOLEN THAT MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE FROM YOU!

AND NONE OF THEM ADMITS HE KNOWS WHAT HAINES WANTED TO CONFESS TO, EITHER!

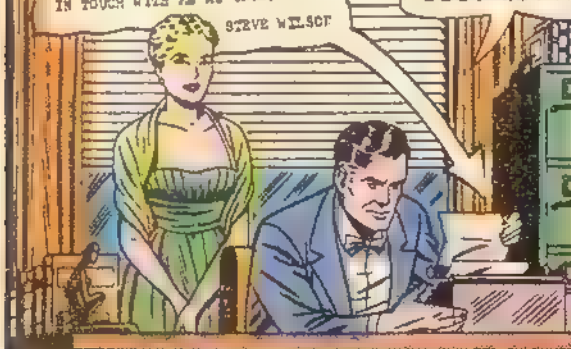


UP IN HIS OFFICE, THE CRACK NEWSHAWK REVEALS HIS ANSWER...

IN THE SCUFFLE WE HAD, I SAW YOUR FACE! I'VE KEPT SILENT BECAUSE I WANT MY SHARE OF WHAT'S IN THE PACKAGE! GET IN TOUCH WITH ME AT ONCE!

STEVE WILSON

I'M GOING TO SEND AN IDENTICAL COPY OF THIS NOTE TO EACH OF THE SUSPECTS! IF ONE OF THEM ANSWERS, I'LL HAVE HIM! IT MIGHT JUST WORK!



SURE, WE HATED HAINES BECAUSE HE HOGGED THE SHOW AND WAS A PUBLICITY HOUND--BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO KILL A MAN! RIGHT, KELLER?

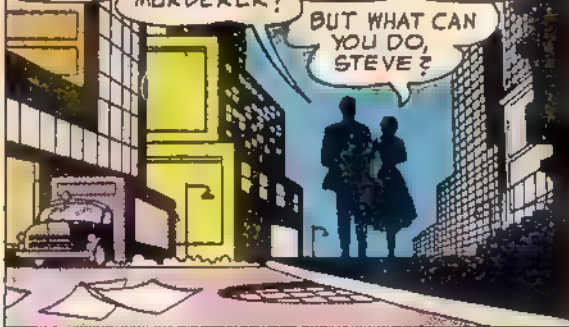
WHAT YOU SAY GOES FOR ME, ED! I'M INNOCENT!



AS STEVE AND LORELEI HEAD FOR THEIR ILLUSTRATED PRESS HEADQUARTERS, SOON AFTER...

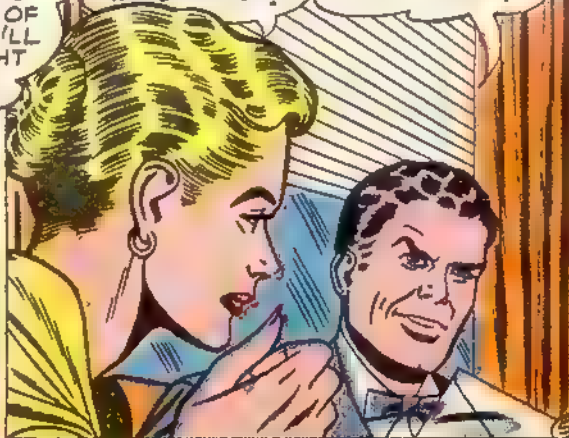
HAINES SENT THAT LITTLE PACKAGE TO ME FOR SAFEKEEPING, LORELEI--AND I LET IT GET STOLEN! FOR THAT REASON, I'M PARTICULARLY ANXIOUS TO CATCH HIS MURDERER!

BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO, STEVE?



YES, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THE PACKAGE CONTAINED ANYTHING VALUABLE?

THEY SAY MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND, GAL! THAT PART OF MY PLAN IS A HOPEFUL GUESS!



AFTER TWO DAYS OF FRUITLESS EFFORTS TO TRACK DOWN THE KILLER...

MAIL CALL--
EDITORIAL
DEPARTMENT!

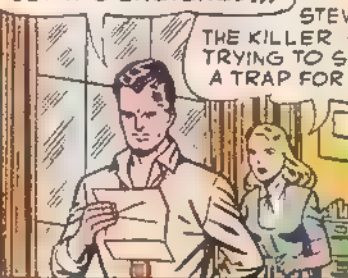
HERE'S ONE
ADDRESSED TO
ME! IT COULD
BE THE ONE I'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE CON-
FINES OF HIS OFFICE, STEVE
OPENS AND READS THE MISSIVE...

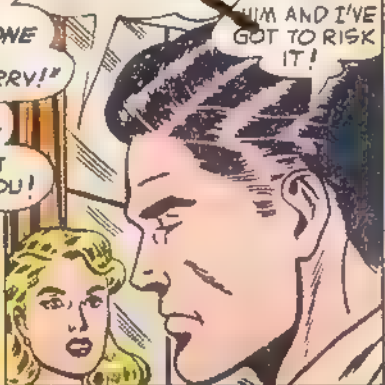
LISTEN, LORELEI! "COME TO THE
STAGE OF REPERTORY THEATER
TONIGHT AT ELEVEN! COME ALONE
AND MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT
FOLLOWED! YOU WON'T BE SORRY!"
BUT IT'S UNSIGNED...

STEVE,
THE KILLER IS
TRYING TO SET
A TRAP FOR YOU!



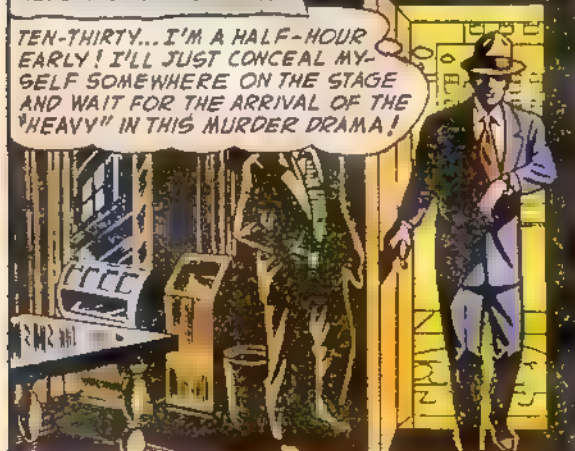
YOU CAN'T DO
WHAT THE NOTE
SAYS... AND GO
TO THAT THEATER
ALONE TONIGHT!

I MUST, LORELEI! IT'S
MY BEST
CHANCE TO
EXPOSE
HIM AND I'VE
GOT TO RISK
IT!



THAT NIGHT IN THE DARKENED LOBBY OF THE
REPERTORY THEATER...

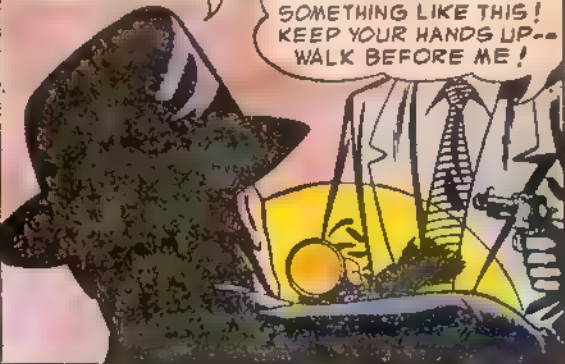
TEN-THIRTY... I'M A HALF-HOUR
EARLY! I'LL JUST CONCEAL MY-
SELF SOMEWHERE ON THE STAGE
AND WAIT FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE
"HEAVY" IN THIS MURDER DRAMA!



A MOMENT LATER AS THE LOBBY DOOR SWINGS
CLOSED BEHIND STEVE...

HMM! SEEMS I WASN'T
EARLY ENOUGH!

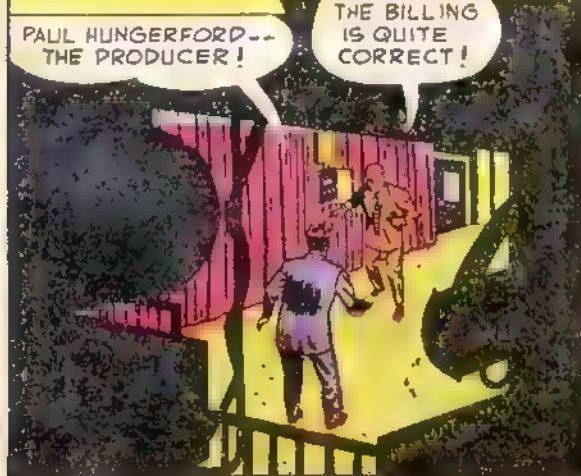
NOT QUITE, WILSON!
I GOT HERE AT TEN
O'CLOCK, YOU SEE--
FIGURING YOU MIGHT TRY
SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
KEEP YOUR HANDS UP--
WALK BEFORE ME!



ON THE STAGE, BEHIND THE HEAVY CURTAIN, THE
NEWSHAWK'S CAPTOR SUDDENLY SWITCHES ON
A ROW OF LIGHTS...

PAUL HUNGERFORD--
THE PRODUCER!

THE BILLING
IS QUITE
CORRECT!



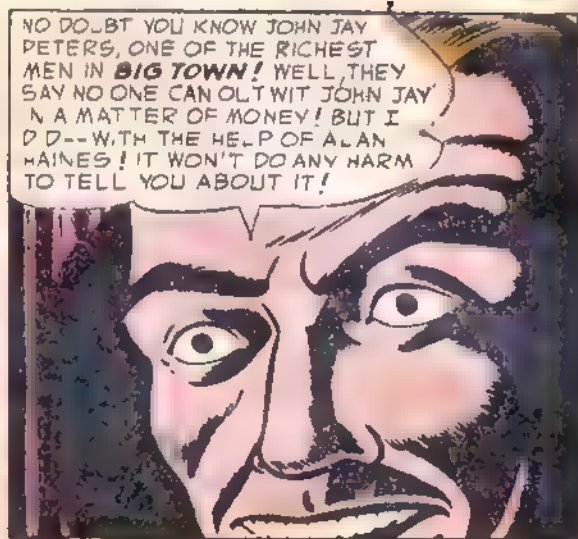
DOWN THE CARPETED AISLE MARCH THE TWO--
THE GRIM NEWSHAWK AND HIS CAPTOR...

THE POLICE WON'T SHOW UP
HERE FOR A HALF-HOUR--AND
BY THEN MY BUSINESS WITH YOU
WILL BE OVER, WILSON! KEEP
WALKING!

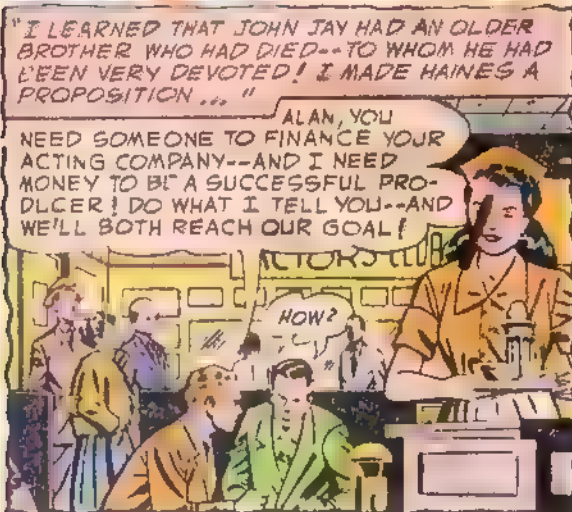




HAINES WAS BECOMING A NUISANCE TO ME--LIKE YOU, WILSON! YOU TRIED TO TRAP ME--BUT ONLY TRAPPED YOURSELF!



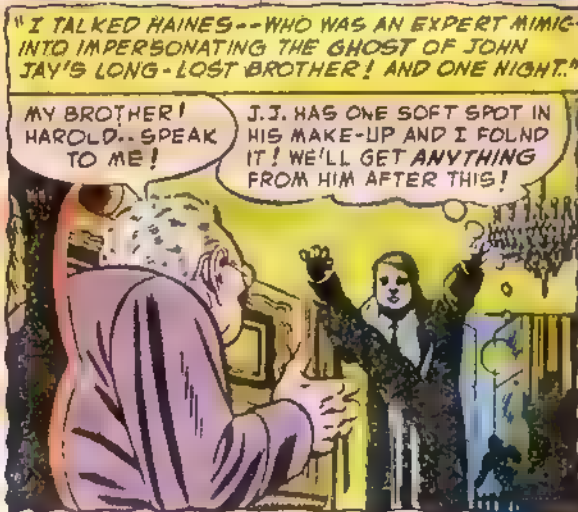
NO DOUBT YOU KNOW JOHN JAY PETERS, ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN **BIG TOWN**! WELL, THEY SAY NO ONE CAN OULTWIT JOHN JAY! A MATTER OF MONEY! BUT I DID--WITH THE HELP OF ALAN HAINES! IT WON'T DO ANY HARM TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT!



"I LEARNED THAT JOHN JAY HAD AN OLDER BROTHER WHO HAD DIED--TO WHOM HE HAD BEEN VERY DEVOTED! I MADE HAINES A PROPOSITION..."

ALAN, YOU NEED SOMEONE TO FINANCE YOUR ACTING COMPANY--AND I NEED MONEY TO BE A SUCCESSFUL PRODUCER! DO WHAT I TELL YOU--AND WE'LL BOTH REACH OUR GOAL!

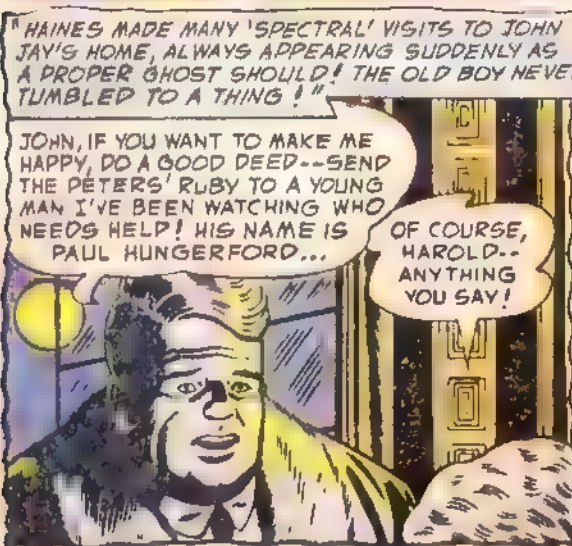
HOW?



"I TALKED HAINES--WHO WAS AN EXPERT MIMIC--INTO IMPERSONATING THE GHOST OF JOHN JAY'S LONG-LOST BROTHER! AND ONE NIGHT..."

MY BROTHER! HAROLD--SPEAK TO ME!

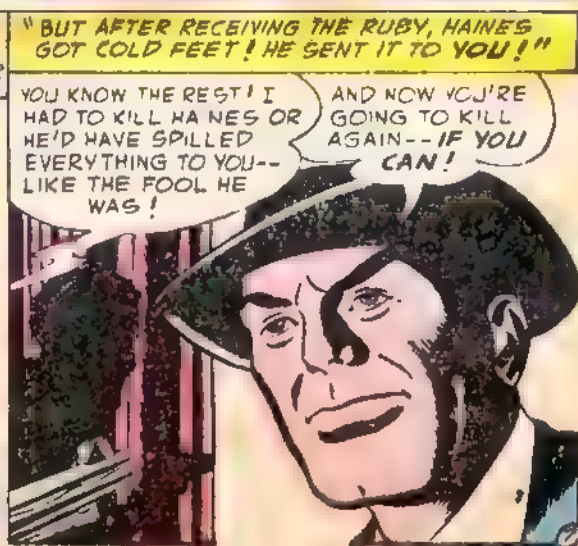
J.J. HAS ONE SOFT SPOT IN HIS MAKE-UP AND I FOUND IT! WE'LL GET ANYTHING FROM HIM AFTER THIS!



"HAINES MADE MANY 'SPECTRAL' VISITS TO JOHN JAY'S HOME, ALWAYS APPEARING SUDDENLY AS A PROPER GHOST SHOULD! THE OLD BOY NEVER TUMBLED TO A THING!"

JOHN, IF YOU WANT TO MAKE ME HAPPY, DO A GOOD DEED--SEND THE PETERS' RUBY TO A YOUNG MAN I'VE BEEN WATCHING WHO NEEDS HELP! HIS NAME IS PAUL HUNGERFORD...

OF COURSE, HAROLD--ANYTHING YOU SAY!



"BUT AFTER RECEIVING THE RUBY, HAINES GOT COLD FEET! HE SENT IT TO YOU!"

YOU KNOW THE REST! I HAD TO KILL HAINES OR HE'D HAVE SPILLED EVERYTHING TO YOU--LIKE THE FOOL HE WAS!

AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO KILL AGAIN--IF YOU CAN!



BIG TOWN



WITH A SUDDEN SPRING SIDWAYS, THE ACE NEWSHAWK MANAGES TO GET ONE OF HIS HANDS ON A SPOTLIGHT SWITCH!

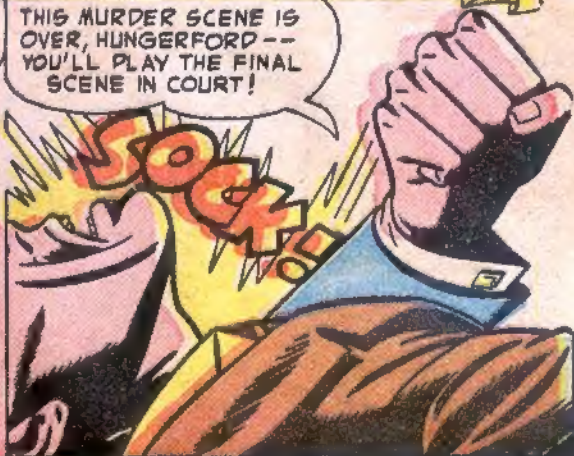
THAT LIGHT--
BLINDING ME!

I FIGURED THIS
SPOTLIGHT WOULD FLASH
RIGHT IN ~~THE~~ EYE--IF I
COULD GET IT ON!



FOLLOWING UP HIS ADVANTAGE, STEVE PLUNGES AT HIS ASSAILANT...

THIS MURDER SCENE IS
OVER, HUNGERFORD--
YOU'LL PLAY THE FINAL
SCENE IN COURT!



LATER, AFTER THE PRODUCER HAS BEEN PUT BEHIND BARS, IN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S OFFICE...

SO THIS
IS WHAT WAS IN THAT
PACKAGE! A \$50,000
RUBY!

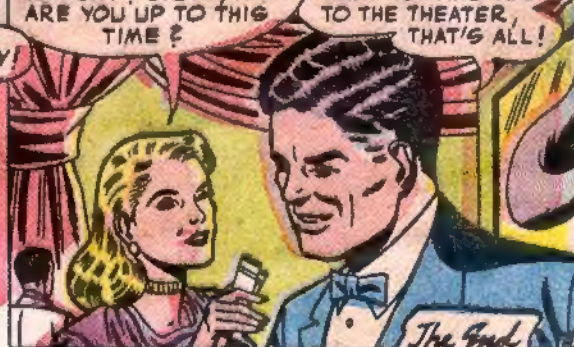
I SPOKE TO MR. PETERS
ON THE PHONE, STEVE!
HE REALIZES HE WAS
DUPED--AND SAYS HE
WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO
THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR
RECOVERING HIS PROPERTY!



ONE EVENING, AT ANOTHER PRE-THEATER DINNER, NOT LONG AFTERWARD...

TWO TICKETS FOR US
TO SEE THE REPERTORY
THEATER'S NEW PLAY
TONIGHT! STEVE, WHAT
ARE YOU UP TO THIS
TIME?

NOTHING, LORELEI!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO
SUSPICIOUS? I JUST
WANT TO TAKE YOU
TO THE THEATER,
THAT'S ALL!



THREE

EXCITING NEW ADVENTURES

OF THE
ONE AND
ONLY

SUPERMAN

"ONE HOUR
TO DOOM!"

"CLARK KENT,
the TERRIBLE!"

"SUPERMAN
of SKID ROW!"

GET YOUR COPY **NOW** AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!





THE LINE OF STARS Presents



TOMAHAWK
also
appears
in
"WORLD'S
FINEST"
COMICS



ANOTHER FAMOUS MEMBER
OF THE SUPERMAN DC
FAMILY. ON SALE NOW AT
YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!



**Hi
Pal!
Win
\$100**
as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF
FUN A DAY

YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained **25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME
POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH**

for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY**

Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

BEFORE

**YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP**
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb.
Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle.

How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** PICTURE PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE
BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1

"I gained
60 lbs. of
muscles"

says
John
Sill.

**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added
7 inches to
my
CHEST
3 inches to
each
ARM,"
says
Jobie
Jackson

**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

**HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL,
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends.
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity.

**AMAZING SECRETS
How to WIN
MUSCLES like IRON
NERVES like STEEL
WORTH'S Great
EXPERT Tells
YOU HOW YOU
CAN REBORN
AN AMERICAN
HE-MAN IN
10 MINUTES A
DAY
10 DAYS
PHOTO BOOK**

GET
ALL 5
FREE

1

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

2

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like You?

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should. Soon You'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Luckus

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER IN EVERYTHING you tackle.



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. NC-45

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

Jowett Courses
taught in
World for
Building
All-Bronze
HE-MAN!
R. F. Jowett
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm, 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip, 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back, 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in one
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

*This way to ...
Captain TOOTSIE'S
Roundup Time*

Tootsie Rolls

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
America's Favorite Candy
And a Variety of Other TOOTSIE Candies



Tasty ..
chocolaty
and still
only 5c

Double-treat
TOOTSIE pop! Hard
candy on the out-
side, delicious
TOOTSIE ROLL inside
ALWAYS 2c.



TOOTSIE FUDGE ...
creamy ... smooth
... just melts in
your mouth! ...
5c.



TOOTSIE CARAMEL
... milky ... chewy
... just delicious!
... just 5c.

Captain Tootsie says: "Every day is TOOTSIE ROLLS DAY all over America. More boys and gals eat TOOTSIE CANDIES than any other kind. And that sure makes sense ... because they're the best-tasting, most delicious treats your money can buy."

Yes, everybody agrees that TOOTSIE ROLLS are the best. Get some today at your favorite candy counter. You'll have a swell time eating those delicious TOOTSIE CANDIES!



Also these
delicious TOOTSIE candies for only 1c!